Man's Life

JANUARY
25c
IND

NATIONAL SCANDAL:
WILD and WANTON
WEEKENDS on WHEELS

THE FABULOUS MADAM
OF BERLIN'S
STRANGEST BORDELLO

Lt. Cushing:
ONE MAN NAVY

ATTACKED by the GIRL
PIRATES of THE YANGTZE

A DRAMATIZED STORY THAT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU!

AFTER 20 HAPPY YEARS TOGETHER
We Were Drifting Apart!

WHAT can you do when your husband acts like an old man . . . when he doesn't enjoy anything better than sleeping all day Sunday, and is always 'too tired' to have fun — go visiting, to a movie, dancing? What's the answer for a man who has lost his strength and vigor while still young?

Those questions used to worry *me* all the time. For some unknown reason, my husband had been robbed of his energy and vitality; and I just didn't know what to do. Then I saw a Vitasafe ad in the newspaper. It told how men—and women—may feel worn-out, nervous and irritable due to an *easily corrected* deficiency of vitamins, minerals and lipotropic factors in their diets.

Thousands of people had increased their pep and vigor through the help of the Vitasafe Plan. I thought perhaps it could help my husband, too, so I sent for a trial supply. They made my husband a new man—as happy and energetic as when we were first married.

If you want to help *your* husband, send for a 30-day trial supply of Vitasafe High-Potency Capsules *today!*

Posed by professional models.

25¢ *just to help cover shipping expenses of this*

FREE 30 days supply of High-Potency Capsules

LIPOTROPIC FACTORS, MINERALS and VITAMINS

Safe, Nutritional Formula Containing 27 Proven Ingredients: Glutamic Acid, Choline, Inositol, Methionine, Citrus Bioflavonoid, 11 Vitamins (Including Blood-Building B-12 and Folic Acid) Plus 11 Minerals

To prove to you the remarkable advantages of the Vitasafe Plan . . . we will send you, without charge, a 30-day free supply of high potency VITASAFE C.F. CAPSULES so you can discover for yourself how much stronger, happier and peppier you may feel after a few days' trial! Just one of these capsules each day supplies your body with over *twice* the minimum adult daily requirement of Vitamins A, C, and D — *five times* the minimum adult daily requirement of Vitamin B-1, and the *full* concentration recommended by the National Research Council for the other four important vitamins! Each capsule contains the amazing Vitamin B-12, a remarkable nutrient that helps nourish your body organs. Vitasafe Capsules also contain Glutamic Acid, an important protein derived from natural wheat gluten.

And now, to top off this exclusive formula each capsule also brings you an important dosage of Citrus Bioflavonoid. This formula is so complete it is available nowhere else at this price!

You can use these Capsules confidently because U. S. Government regulations demand that you get exactly what the label states — pure, safe ingredients. The beneficial effects of these ingredients have been proven time and time again.

WHY WE WANT YOU TO TRY A 30-DAY SUPPLY — FREE!

So many persons have already tried VITASAFE C.F. CAPSULES with such outstanding results . . . so many people have written in telling us how much better they felt after only a short trial . . . that we are absolutely convinced that you, too, may experience the same feeling of improved well-being after a similar trial. In fact, we're so convinced that we're willing to back up our convictions with our own money. *You* don't spend a penny for the vitamins! All the cost and risk are *ours.*

AMAZING PLAN SLASHES VITAMIN PRICES ALMOST IN HALF

With your free vitamins you will also receive complete details regarding the benefits of an amazing new Plan that provides you regularly with all the factory-fresh vitamins and minerals you will need. *You are under no obligation to buy anything!* If after taking your free Capsules for three weeks you are not entirely satisfied, simply return the handy postcard that comes with your free supply and that will end the matter. Otherwise it's up to us — you don't have to do a thing — and we will see that you get your monthly supplies of capsules *on time* for as long as you wish, at the low money-saving price of only $2.78 per month (*a saving of almost 50%*). Mail coupon now!

SPECIAL FORMULA FOR WOMEN

Women may also suffer from lack of pep, energy, and vitality due to nutritional deficiency. If there is such a lady in your house, you will do her a favor by bringing this announcement to her attention. Just have her check the "Woman's Formula" box in the coupon.

FILL OUT THIS NO RISK COUPON TODAY!

VITASAFE CORP. 456
43 West 61st Street, New York 23, N. Y.

Yes, I accept your generous no-risk offer under the Vitasafe Plan as advertised in MAN'S LIFE.

Send me my FREE 30-day supply of high-potency Vitasafe Capsules as checked below:

☐ Man's Formula ☐ Woman's Formula

I ENCLOSE 25¢ PER PACKAGE for packing and postage.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

This offer is limited to those who have never before taken advantage of this generous trial. Only one trial supply per person.

IN CANADA: 394 Symington Ave., Toronto 9, Ont.
(Canadian Formula adjusted to local conditions.)

Mail Coupon To **VITASAFE CORP., 43 West 61st Street, New York 23, N. Y.**

or when in New York visit the VITASAFE PHARMACY, 1860 Broadway at Columbus Circle
IN CANADA: 394 Symington Ave., Toronto 9, Ontario

EACH DAILY VITASAFE CAPSULE FOR MEN CONTAINS

Choline Bitartrate	31.4 mg.	Vitamin C	75 mg.	Phosphorus	58 mg.
Inositol	15 mg.	Vitamin B_1	5 mg.	Iron	30 mg.
dl-Methionine	10 mg.	Vitamin B_2	2.5 mg.	Cobalt	0.04 mg.
Glutamic Acid	50 mg.	Vitamin B_6	0.5 mg.	Copper	0.45 mg.
Lemon Bioflavonoid Complex	5 mg.	Vitamin B_{12}	2 mcg.	Manganese	0.5 mg.
		Niacin Amide	40 mg.	Molybdenum	0.1 mg.
Vitamin A	12,500 USP Units	Calcium Pantothenate	4 mg.	Iodine	0.075 mg.
		Vitamin E	2 I.U.	Potassium	2 mg.
Vitamin D	1,000 USP Units	Folic Acid	0.5 mg.	Zinc	0.5 mg.
		Calcium	75 mg.	Magnesium	3 mg.

Compare the richness of this formula with any other vitamin and mineral preparation.

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If You Had Mailed This Coupon LAST MONTH— You'd Be Playing Real Music TODAY!

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
Studio A-243, Port Washington, N. Y.

I am interested in learning to play, particularly the instrument checked below. Please send me your free illustrated booklet, "How to Learn Music at Home." NO SALESMAN IS TO CALL UPON ME.

- ☐ Piano
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- ☐ Steel Guitar
- ☐ Violin
- ☐ Piano Accordion
- ☐ Saxophone
- ☐ Trumpet, Cornet
- ☐ Pipe, Hamond, Reed Organ
- ☐ Tenor Banjo
- ☐ Ukulele
- ☐ Clarinet
- ☐ Trombone
- ☐ Flute
- ☐ Piccolo
- ☐ Modern Elementary Harmony
- ☐ Mandolin
- ☐ Practical Finger Control

Do you have the instrument?.....

Mr. / Mrs. / Miss .....
(Please Print Carefully)

Address.....

City.....
(Insert Zone Number, If Any) State.....

☐ If under 18, check here for Booklet A.

BUT IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO JOIN THE THOUSANDS WHO HAVE TAUGHT THEMSELVES THIS QUICK, EASY INEXPENSIVE WAY!

YES, IT'S TRUE! If you had answered our ad a few weeks ago, you'd be playing real music RIGHT NOW! And you'd be well on your way toward mastering your favorite musical instrument—even if you'd never known a single note before!

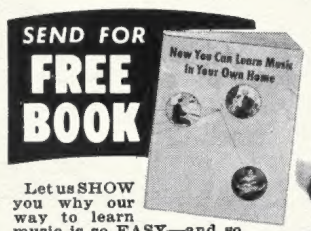
Impossible? Not at all! Over 1,000,000 students have already taken up this famous home-study method—and even children "catch on" rapidly. Now ANYONE can learn to play the piano, violin, accordion, guitar, or any other instrument. And the cost is only a few cents per lesson, including valuable sheet music!

NO "SPECIAL TALENT" REQUIRED

No previous training needed, no "special talent" required. Right from the start, this amazing music discovery will have you playing **real melodies** instead of practicing boring scales and exercises. Earliest lessons consist of delightful songs, hymns, waltzes. Clear, simple directions and large, show-how pictures tell you exactly what to do, so you can't go wrong. Soon you'll amaze your friends by playing ALL your favorite songs and compositions easily, confidently, and properly, **by note!** No inconvenient lesson periods, no expensive hourly tuition. You learn in spare time of your own choosing. **You become your own music teacher . . .** and progress as rapidly or as leisurely as you decide best!

STOP MISSING THESE JOYS

Why not let the U. S. School of Music method bring the many joys of music into your life? Good times! More confidence. New friends. Gay parties. Extra money from playing or teaching. Possibly even a brilliant musical career. Best of all, the deep **personal satisfaction** of being able to create your own music—and provide your own entertainment.



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Now it's easy to learn — by note — Piano, Guitar, Accordion, Violin, Steel Guitar, Mandolin, Trumpet, Cornet, Saxophone, Tenor Banjo, Organ, Ukulele, Clarinet, Trombone, Flute or Piccolo — check your choice in coupon.

MAIL COUPON NOW—PLAY NEXT MONTH

THOUSANDS NOW PLAY WHO NEVER THOUGHT THEY COULD!

12-Year-Old Surprises Her Friends

"I am twelve years old. Thanks to your Course, I was able to play for our church. All my friends were certainly surprised when they discovered I could play!" — **Patsy Jeffrey, Sweetwater, Texas**

How Famous Orchestra Leader Lawrence Welk Got His Start

"I got my start in music with a U.S. School Course. How easy it is to learn to read notes and play an instrument this 'teach yourself' way! In fact, this school did so much for me that I've enrolled my two daughters." — **Lawrence Welk, famous orchestra leader. (Picture at left)**

Excels Friend Who Has Teacher

"I never took lessons before I started to take them from you — and still I can play better than my friends who began at the same time I did with a private teacher.

"I now play for church, and our concerts in school. I love to play and my friends and relatives marvel at how I play at the age of 13." —**Joan Lueck, Big Stone, South Dakota**

"How Rapidly I Am Progressing"

"I just want to tell you how much I enjoy your lessons for the Tenor Banjo, and how rapidly I am progressing. Lessons are so simple, anyone can understand them." — **Andrew Schneider, Hanna, Wyoming. (Picture at left)**

"Opened Door to Popularity"

"I was able to play many pieces in a short time. Family and friends certainly surprised. Course opened door to popularity, wider circle of friends."—**Peter M. Kozyra, P. O. Brokenhead, Manitoba. (Picture at left)**

How Invited Out Lots

"It's been fun. Hasn't cost anywhere near as much as private teacher. Now invited to affairs, dances. Auditioned for 'Barn Dance Jamboree'." — **Howard Hopkins, E. Syracuse, N. Y. (Picture at left)**

Couldn't Learn Before Now Plays at Church

"I had tried several times to start music lessons. I had been depending on a music teacher before. Now I am able to play when needed at church and young people's services, etc." — **Mrs. P. J. Tatman, Sycamore, Illinois**

MEN PAST 40

Afflicted With Getting Up Nights, Pains in Back, Hips, Legs, Nervousness, Tiredness.

If you are a victim of the above symptoms, the trouble may be due to Glandular Dysfunction. A constitutional Disease for which it is futile for sufferers to try to treat themselves at home. Medicines that give temporary relief will not remove the cause of your trouble.

To men of middle age or past this type of dysfunction occurs frequently. It is accompanied by loss of physical vigor, graying of hair, forgetfulness and often increase in weight. Neglect of such dysfunction causes men to grow old before their time—premature senility and possibly incurable conditions.

Most men, if treatment is taken before malignancy has developed, can be successfully NON-SURGICALLY treated for Glandular Dysfunction. If the condition is aggravated by lack of treatment, surgery may be the only chance.

NON-SURGICAL TREATMENTS

The NON-SURGICAL treatments afforded at the Excelsior Medical Clinic are the result of 20 years research by scientific Technologists and Doctors.

The War brought many new techniques and drugs. These added to the research already accomplished has produced a new type of treatment that is proving of great benefit to man as he advances in years.

The Excelsior Medical Clinic is devoted particularly to the treatment of diseases of men of advancing years. Men from all walks of life and from over 1,000 cities and towns have been successfully treated. They found soothing and comforting relief and a new health in life.

RECTAL COLON
Are often associated with Glandular Dysfunction. We can treat these for you at the same time.

LOW COST EXAMINATION

On your arrival here our Doctors make a complete examination. You then decide if you will take the treatments needed. They are so mild they do not require hospitalization. A considerable saving in expense.

Write Today for Our FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK

The Excelsior Medical Clinic has published a New FREE Book that deals with diseases peculiar to men. It could prove of utmost importance to you. There is no obligation. Write

EXCELSIOR
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Gentlemen. Kindly send at once your New FREE BOOK. I am _____ years old

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ADDRESS _____

TOWN _____

STATE _____

SAYS YOU!

Address letters to: Editor, Man's Life, 1790 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y. Last name will be omitted on request.

FEMALE SKIPPERS

Editor: It is high time that something is done about the conditions you described in "Female Skippers Turn Waterways Into New Lovers' Lanes." These conditions *do* exist. It would seem to me that the gals could find other places for their illicit rendezvous and leave the waterways for us genuine boating enthusiasts. These bumblers at the tillers are hazards in our crowded waterways. Let them use motels.

R. Till
Boston, Mass.

Editor: Is there any part of American pleasure that the predatory female hasn't taken over? As an *un*predatory female, I'm beginning to wonder if those few of us left with a sense of morals and a couple of ideals won't be trampled under by the girls that offer the thrills. I recently visited a seaside resort hoping to meet a nice man. There *were* nice men there, but they were soon swept up by the thrill girls who had lovely boats for nice romantic cruises. What I can't understand is how men can put the American female on a pedestal when she acts like a hussy.

Miss S. Burns
Washington, D. C.

NAZI BUTCHERS

Editor: The Concentration Camp story was excellent. The passing of time has softened our attitude toward the Germans and articles such as this one—which pulled no punches in exposing fully the greatest atrocities committed in modern history—should be published periodically or we'll forget too much. Certainly the fact that many of the people who were responsible for these crimes are roaming free today is a striking example of our liberal interpretation of "justice."

A. Simewell
New Orleans, La.

Editor: The author forgot to mention that the total number of helpless victims killed in the Concentration Camp system exceeded 12,000,000. It is ironic that the nation that supported these crimes is now exulting in an unprecedented prosperity while many of the nations it subjugated are still trying to rise from the ruins. The U.S. has helped to rebuild Germany economically. I wonder if prosperous Germany will now come to our aid in our current recession. Hah!

C. Scott
Biloxi, Miss.

ANSWERS FOR "CURIOUS"

Editor: I've never had anything burn me as much as the question of Curious, who would rather give up his U.S. citizenship than fight for his country. He wants to know how he would go about it. I don't have an answer for that, but I have a suggestion. Curious should be thrown off American soil and never allowed to return.

Mrs. J. Hargroves
Hammond, Ind.

Editor: Curious could solve his problem by moving to Switzerland and applying for Swiss citizenship. The Swiss have managed to remain neutral for hundreds of years and they are not likely to embroil themselves in future wars, either.

W. Williams
Chicago, Ill.

WIFE-SHARING

Editor: This story—"I'd Share My Wife with Another Man"—is the most stupid thing I've ever read. Maybe writer David Foster doesn't respect his wife—he obviously doesn't, or he wouldn't suggest such a plan—but most men *do* respect their wives. If Foster is too lazy to support his wife and child he should leave his wife and let her get a real man. I'm disappointed in your magazine for publishing this article.

J. K. Halbrooks
Dallas, Texas

HELL HAS FOUR LEGS

Editor: Archy Gavin's "Hell Has Four Legs" is more fiction than fact. First, a person would be lucky to navigate the Belly River anytime and it would be impossible in the fall as there is a mere trickle flowing then. Second, there aren't any elk in that territory at all. To find elk you have to travel fifty-two miles *west*, not east, of MacLeod. Tell Archy he had better stick to facts.

G. Wescott
Cardston, Alta.

BORDELLOS

Editor: "The House on Victor Hugo" was a humdinger. More, please. It is good to see someone take an objective view of prostitution instead of condemning it.

G. Stockdale
Wind Ridge, Pa.

Editor: Keep up the stories on the madams. Madam Tillie of Nob Hill and Madam Auriole of 23rd Street

(Continued on page 10)

"HOW A 'CRAZY RUMOR' GOT ME PROMOTED!"

What I overheard one morning shook me right out of a rut!

"Company's getting ready to cut back . . . bound to be layoffs," I heard them say. "Just another crazy rumor," I told myself.

Just the same, I took quick stock of myself that night. Came up with four good reasons why the company would keep me on:

Three years' experience
Getting along with foreman
Turning out acceptable work
Prompt and dependable

And four just-as-good reasons why they might let me go:

Making no real headway
Others better qualified
Still rated "semi-skilled"
Needs special training

I wasn't in trouble. But I sure wasn't "in solid" like I should be. That's when I made up my mind to enroll for training with I.C.S.

I picked I.C.S. because it's the oldest and largest with 257 courses. The training is quick and thorough. It's recognized by my company and accredited by the National Home Study Council. You study in your spare time and get personalized, practical instruction—know-how you can apply next day on the job.

That was a year ago. There have been two layoffs since then. While some of the others were just hanging on or being released, I was moving up. My I.C.S. training started something. Not only did it get me promoted (with a fat pay hike), but it put me in line for real advancement.

Don't wait for a "crazy rumor" to set *you* straight. Take out your "job insurance" right now. Mail the coupon and get full, free details on how I.C.S. has helped thousands, how it can help you. No obligation—and you get three valuable books *free!* (1) How to Succeed; (2) Catalog of opportunities in the field of your choice; (3) Sample lesson (math).

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HAROLD STRAUBING
Editor

ROBERT ACKWORTH
JOE GENALO
Associate Editors

RALPH BRYDE
Art Director

P. ALROY
Production

Man's Life

The Action Magazine For Men

EXCLUSIVE

I WAS A GUIDE FOR A WHITE SLAVE SAFARI ..... Josh Pearson 14
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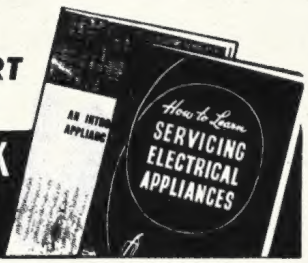

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MODERN MEDICINE FOR MEN

by R. M. Saunders, M. D.

BALDNESS AND SEXUALITY

THERE is a widespread popular myth to the effect that baldheaded men make the best lovers, that the chap with the fine head of skin is considerably more virile than the fellow whose scalp is still luxuriously bedecked with hair. Recently one of my patients, Raymond F., twenty-nine, reported to me that he had begun losing his hair a few months before.

"But I'm not letting it get me down, Doctor. I figure it means I'm going to be sexually active for a long time to come."

It was my sad duty to inform Raymond that the connection between baldness and virility is very slim and tenuous indeed, and that in virtually all such instances there is no connection whatever. Bald men may find comfort in deluding themselves, but the plain fact is that there is no real link between baldness and sexuality.

It is easy to see how the misconception came about, however. For one thing, baldness is an almost exclusively masculine trait; few women lose their hair except at extremely advanced ages, while many men begin shedding as early as the age of nineteen. For another, it is definitely known that men who have been castrated almost never become bald. The conclusion that is drawn from these facts is a natural one. If baldness is the hallmark of masculinity, then a baldheaded man must be more virile than one who still patronizes the barber shops regularly.

How logical—but how wrong!

BALDNESS *is* linked with masculinity in the sense that it is brought about in part by the male sex hormones. When these hormones are absent from the body, as in the case of women or eunuchs, baldness does not result. Furthermore, baldness can be produced in castrated men if they are treated later with extracts of the male sex hormones.

So there is a connection of a kind. But though it exists, no correlation can be made between early onset of baldness and unusual sexual vigor. Reputable scientific studies show no hookup there at all.

The factors governing baldness are three in number.

One is genetic. That is, baldness is inherited, just as blue eyes can be inherited. If your father is bald, you will almost certainly lose your hair yourself, and no baldness remedy can help you. Some families experience no baldness at all, while in others all males have shiny domes by the age of thirty-five.

The second factor is that of the sex hormones. Men who are deficient in sex hormones will keep their hair longer than most. This is where the baldness-virility myth has its origin. These men are below normal in their sex potential—but there is absolutely no evidence that bald men are *above* normal sexually!

The final factor is age. The body deteriorates all through adult life through the natural process of aging, and baldness is one form of this deterioration. This is the only one of the three factors that is definitely possible to control. If you stimulate your scalp by frequent massage and brushing, and keep your hair clean and free from fungus infections, you can undoubtedly counteract the effects of aging. A young scalp, by which I mean a well-cared-for scalp, will keep its hair longer than a neglected one, just the same way as a human body that has been cared for intelligently throughout its life will outlast and outperform a body that has been treated poorly by its owner.

THERE are other causes of baldness besides the ones mentioned. A particularly troublesome type of baldness is known technically as *alopecia areata*. This affects both sexes, and its cause is unknown, though many medical men believe it can result from severe nervous stress or shock. Its characteristic manifestation is in the sudden loss of great patches of hair, sometimes of the complete head of hair. After a lapse of months or sometimes even years the fallen hair usually begins to grow

(Continued on page 74)

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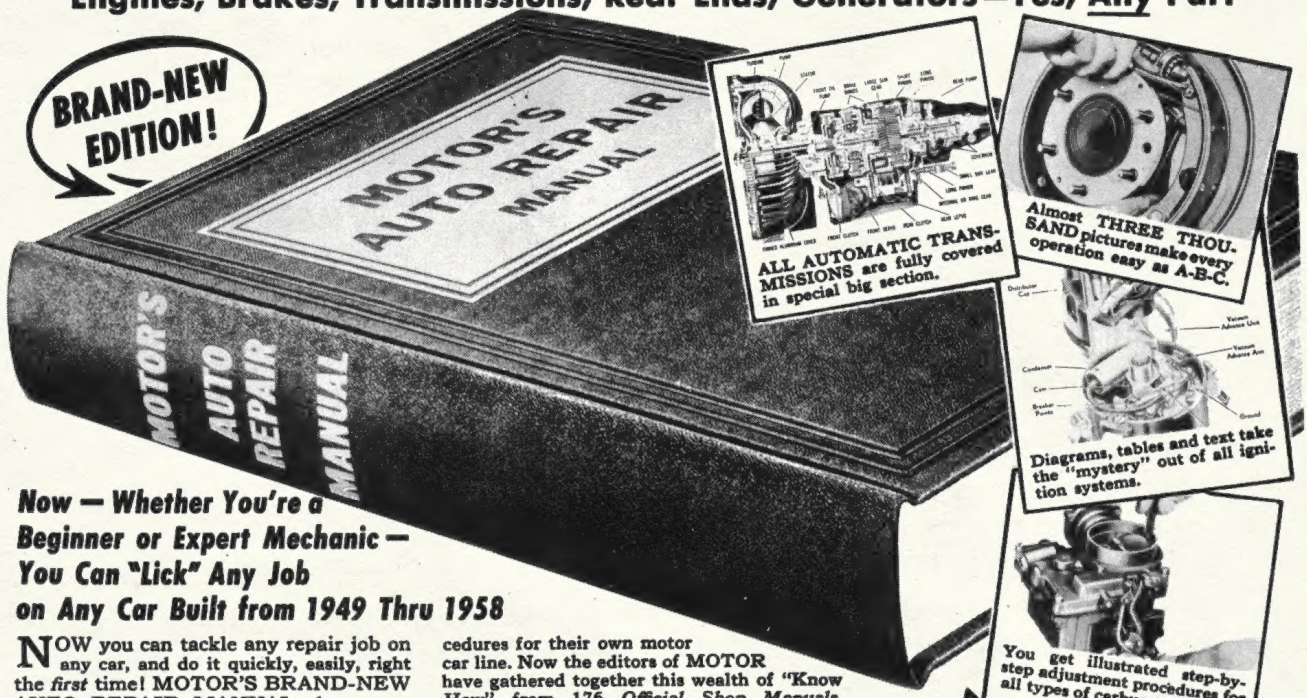
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SAYS YOU

(Continued from page 4)

were certainly fabulous characters and their demise at a ripe old age with a mint of money on hand makes the adage that sin doesn't pay look a little silly—at least in their cases. Apparently we don't breed women like that nowadays.

F. Zimwell
Wenatchee, Wash.

CIVIL WAR

Editor: "The Girl Who Made War Hell for General Sherman" further increases the general trend of writers to place Southern girls doing their patriotic duty in as bad a light as possible. These girls were not of low morals or bad character, but they are invariably pictured that way. After all, they did what they thought was their duty, and that takes real character. I wonder what we would find out if we dug into the history of Northern girls' behavior during the Civil War. Why don't these one-sided writers try that?

M. Beverly
Atlanta, Ga.

Editor: Perhaps General Sickles had the right idea in using women as his secret weapon to increase the morale of his troops. But lest anyone misundestand, this was certainly not common practice and many a battle was won or lost in the war without the assistance of, or interference from, women. There are many of us deeply interested in the Civil War. I for one would like to see less sensationalism in the current approach and more adherence to the real and important issues of this great conflict.

F. Howers
Rochester, New York

EVELYN WHITMORE

Editor: I don't expect you will publish this. I'd like some information about Evelyn Whitmore and I'm sure I'm not the only guy who would like to know just what her gripe is against American men. What is her age, and what is her marital status? I've read all her articles in your magazine and I've come to the conclusion that she must be one of those dames who can't get a man or who has been given the brush off. It appears that she is bitterly frustrated where men are concerned and is striking back at them by writing articles accusing them of being less than men. Why does she think she's such an authority on men, anyway?

T. J. Madden
Mansfield, Ohio

Editorial Note: Evelyn Whitmore is in her forties, and has been happily married for a number of years. She has two children. She has made an intense study of psychology and is considered a top authority in her field.

Editor: Referring to Evelyn Whitmore's "American Males are Arm-Chair He-Men," this girl sure must have something against the male sex. If I recall correctly this country would be in a hell of a mess if it hadn't been for the performances of our "Arm-chair he-men" in the last three wars.

H. Maier
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

Editor: I am a foreigner who's been in this country for five years and I think Miss Whitmore's articles regarding the American male's inadequacy are true and to the point. But she is ruining all hope for American males with her savage attacks on them. Her criticism is not constructive since she offers no solutions. Why not try a male writer's viewpoint on this important subject? Men might be more likely to listen to the objective views of another male.

L. Tzamtakos
New York, N. Y.

Editor: Whitmore's "American Males Talk a Good Game" takes the cake. She's obviously hit the bottom of the barrel in her fiendish game to think up new ways to insult the American male. There are millions of satisfied American wives in this country who can attest to the fact that most American males do more than "talk" a good game. More than anything else, Whitmore's personal frustration shows through in her insulting articles.

Mrs. H. E. W.
Columbia, So. Caro.

THE FLYING SAUCER MESS

Editor: I commend you for Steven Ruse's "The Secret of the Flying Saucer Mess," which is a monumental piece of work. A lot of us want direct answers—and Mr. Ruse has given them where the Government certainly has not.

E. Russo
Brooklyn, New York

Editor: This article was splendid. This UFO business is yet another of the many important things the Government has failed to keep the American public informed about. Certainly a clear picture of the saucer situation is as important to preparations for our national defense as is our progress with missile development. Yet the Government seems reluctant to draw conclusions or release information about things *every* U.S. citizen—for his own safety—should know about. This smacks more of what might be done in certain Eastern countries than in the U.S., it seems to me.

A. Bennett
Los Angeles, Cal. ■

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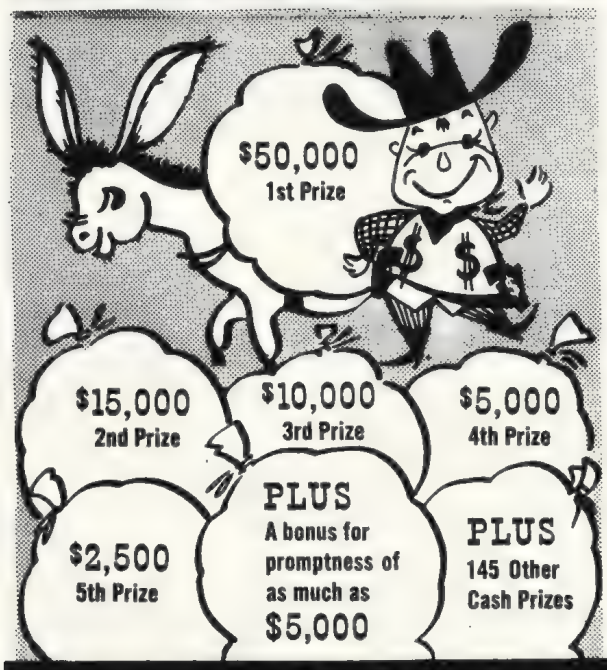

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MEN IN TODAY'S WORLD

AMERICAN MALES ARE TOO LATE WITH TOO LITTLE

By EVELYN WHITMORE

ALTHOUGH most American men would dismiss as nonsense Peter Pan's hope of remaining a child always, they themselves never succeed until it's too late in being anything but Peter Pans in matters of sex. Their story, unfortunately, is no charming whimsey, but a sad tale of woe to be interpreted by Kinsey, not Disney.

It's a story that their wives are more painfully familiar with than are the men themselves. It begins in boyhood with a haphazard sex education, progresses through adolescence with anguished auto-eroticism, and advances into the period of youth which is marked by shoddy sexual adventures which are usually fiddling substitutes for the real thing. All along the line their main object is self-gratification, and the devil with any doll involved. They don't try to learn anything about women, nor do they make any effort to achieve proficiency in the art of love-making. They assume, because they manage to hit the sensual jackpot themselves, that the girl involved should automatically be in a delirium of delight.

This, then, is a picture of the average American male as he moves on to the next stage in his development, which is marriage: a ham-handed workman with lots of speed but no control, and a sublime indifference to the sexual needs of his wife. Despite his physical maturity he's essentially no different from when he was an adolescent and sought his satisfaction alone. To him his wife is merely a foil, a flesh-and-blood facsimile of the nude pin-up he may have once used to fantasize sexy situations to stimulate, then satisfy, himself alone. She's a household appliance designed for his own convenience, and carries a time-tested warranty that precludes any investigation of what makes her tick.

This unconcern about his wife's needs goes on for years, but by the time he reaches his late thirties or early forties he suddenly discovers that he's not the man he used to be. He doesn't arouse so easily, and is astonished, chagrined, and more than a little embarrassed to discover that he's got to change his technique. He's no longer the rutting bull charging across the meadow, but a guy who needs a little time to get worked up. He finds himself gravitating toward new experimentation, with no holds barred. He discovers the delights of sex-play, something that he should have learned years ago. He finds that his wife has an eagerness and imagination that never manifested itself before simply because he'd never waited long enough for her to get excited.

The development of this new-found technique takes time, of course, and by the time he's really mastered it he's over the hill and it's too late to take full advantage of it. Not until he's whipped past a couple of dozen wedding anniversaries does the average American male know what the score is, and at that point all he can put up on the board is goose-eggs.

WHAT makes the American male such a sexual foul-up is that, like Peter Pan, he moves around in a Never Never Land of fantasy. He may be realistic as hell about sports, business, science, and academic education, but his approach to sex is fraught with fears, fancies, superstitions, and a suggestion of evil. To him sex isn't a normal, healthy adjunct of everyday living, but a subject for gutter jokes, or a vice to be indulged in illicitly.

At a time when foreign boys are learning all about the realistic and practical aspects of sex, American youngsters are hopelessly confused by its clouded mystery. Sex is something to be bootlegged or sneaked in America, while in almost every other part of the world it's a vital subject demanding sophisticated education.

The tip-off as to the difference in attitude toward sex between Americans and foreigners can be found in their terminology. Where a Frenchman describes the sex act by saying "se coucher de," "to go to bed with"; the Scandinavian, "sove med," "to sleep with"; and the Chinese, "to make powerful love to," —the American uses a harsh four-letter word that does double duty as an obscene cuss-word. And where the foreigner goes into romantic terms to describe an exciting flirtation or a winsome bit of wooing, the American simply uses the word "make." Although the English language has a greater vocabulary than any other language in the world, the American chooses the harshest, most obscene, and most unappealing words to describe everything from intimate anatomical organs and their functions to the most sacred acts of marriage. It's no wonder that foreigners believe that Americans are basically woman-haters who are frightened to death of sex.

In America today, just *(Continued on page 64)*

How You Can Master GOOD ENGLISH

— —*In 15 Minutes a Day*

THOUSANDS of persons make mistakes in their everyday English—and don't know it. It is surprising how many persons fail in spelling such common words as "business," "judgment," "beneficiary," and "receive"; say "between you and I" instead of "between you and me"; use "who" for "whom"; and mispronounce the simplest words. And it is equally astonishing how few know whether to use one or two "c's" or "m's" or "s's" (as in "recommend" or "disappoint"), or when to use commas in order to make their meaning absolutely clear. Most persons use only common words—colorless, flat, ordinary. Their speech and their letters are lifeless, dull, humdrum, largely because they *lack confidence* in their use of language.

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Does your English help or hinder you? Every time you talk, every time you write, you show what you are. When you use the wrong word, when you mispronounce a word, when you punctuate incorrectly, when you use trite, commonplace words, you handicap yourself enormously. English, the very tool you should use to improve your business or social position, holds you back. And you don't realize it, for people are too polite to tell you about your mistakes.

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The basic principle of Mr. Cody's method is habit-forming. Suppose he himself were standing forever at your elbow. Every time you mispronounced or misspelled a word, every time you violated correct grammatical usage, every time you used the wrong word to express your meaning, suppose you could hear him whisper: "That is wrong, it should be thus and so." In a short time you would habitually use the correct form and the right words in speaking and writing.

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I WAS A GUIDE FOR A

The trucks were jammed with young virgins to be sold to the highest bidders—My job was to deliver them for cash—or try to set them free if I was a man with guts—

by JOSH PEARSON

illustrated by WILL HULSEY

I'D just gotten back to Bhagalpur from a *shikar* up north in Bihar province when this queer telegram arrived from Dougal Ferguson in Mandalay. I was completely flaked out from the hunting trip, on which I'd led a temperamental Dominican playboy to the tiger he just *had* to shoot in order to feel more like a man, but by the next morning I was packed and off to Calcutta.

The telegram was intriguing. *IF YOU FREE LEAD NON HUNTING SHIKAR DEEPEST INDIA MINIMUM MONTH CONTRACT MEET ME TENTH PRINCE EDWARD*, it read. What the hell, I wondered, was a non-hunting hunting party? What was this nonsense about "deepest India," a term no veteran white hunter like Ferguson was ever likely to use? And what was he

The open truck made the girls sure targets for the pursuers — the bullets flew closer.

WHITE SLAVE SAFARI

The girl was bait. If she failed with the guard, there would be no chance for escape.

doing over in Burma at a time when wealthy American, European, and South American "adventurers" were arriving in Calcutta and looking for *shikaris* to help them bag *simba* and *sambar,* the tiger and deer which made such spectacular trophies for their paneled studies?

What *was* clear, however, was that a month's contract was extremely desirable, and that I had just time to make it to the Prince Edward, a nice, civilized pub that was our usual hangout in Calcutta, by the tenth of the month.

I GOT to the P.E. late on that morning after leaving my name with a few of the travel agencies who might be needing *shikaris,* a precautionary measure in case Ferguson's proposition didn't pan out, and went to the bar. Gramble, a retired colonial clerk turned pub-keeper, automatically handed me a straight gin and a chaser of tonic.

"Wards off malaria," he said, pointing to the tonic, and then pointed to the gin and said with a chuckle, "Wards off women." It was his standard, inevitable joke. "How are you, Yank? I've a message for you."

"Ferguson?"

Gramble nodded. "Called to say he'd be here at noon sharp and to warn you that you'd be dining with a lady in case you weren't dressed for the occasion." He squinted and looked me over. "You'll do," he said, reaching over to finger my suit. "That's nice madras."

When Ferguson arrived with his lady he spotted me from the door and hand-signaled me to join him in a moment. I waited until they'd gotten settled at a table in a dark corner and ordered drinks before I sauntered over.

Ferguson stood up and quickly shook hands, but for some reason didn't look at me directly. He turned to the lady, a lovely fragile Chinese with incredibly smooth skin and lustrous eyes. "Madame Soo," he said, "I'd like to present Josh Pearson—one of the best *shikaris* in the trade. Yank, Madame Soo."

She nodded solemnly. I bowed, and then sat down. A gin and tonic was in front of me and Ferguson lifted his glass and said, "Cheers!" From the look of the liquid and the aperitif glass, madame was drinking brandy, and she held her glass steady a moment and said, "To our venture!" I noticed that Ferguson's hand trembled so he almost spilled his gin-and-vermouth before knocking it back with a single gulp.

WE chatted about the weather, the Russians, hunting, and everything but what was uppermost on our minds as we ate and drank our way through lunch, or tiffin, as the English call it. I watched Ferguson from time to time, puzzled at his behavior and the way he looked. Normally, the Scotsman was deeply tanned, full of jokes, and healthy as a bull. Now he was pale, nervous, almost guarded in what he said, and even stammered from time to time.

Finally the dishes were cleared away and it was Madame Soo who steered the conversation to business. "Mr. Ferguson tells me that you're free to take this job—or you wouldn't be here. Is that right?" She smiled for the first time, and her face became radiantly beautiful. It was just one of the many faces, as I was to discover, of the unpredictable Madame Soo.

"I don't know," I laughed, looking at Doug who was nervously pulling at his moustache. "Frankly, I'm mystified as to the definition of a non-hunting *shikar*—and Doug, where'd you jick up that 'deepest India' expression? Been reading travel brochures?"

Madame Soo answered for him. "He had to word it that way—to get you interested. It means that the *shikar* will move all the way across India from Burma to Iran. And it's not an ordinary *shikar* or *safari*—it's more a pilgrimage. That's why he wired 'non-hunting.'"

She went on to explain that the pilgrimage was made up of Mohammedan believers from China, Indo-China, Burma, Malaya, and Thailand—all of them women. "I too am a follower of Islam, of Mohammed, and I'm leading these girls to Mecca where they hope to find husbands." As she spoke she lowered her eyes, and she had almost a saintly look. "They are very devout," she added softly, "and don't wish to marry outside their own religion."

I took a sip of my drink and out of the corner of my eye saw her give Ferguson a high sign. He got up suddenly and said he had to leave. I went to the door with him and he grasped my hand and said, "Good luck to ye, lad. You're young and strong and no old fool like me. *You'll* know what to do." He dropped my hand and went out.

I WALKED back to the table and found that Madame Soo had ordered more drinks, and finally I was saying yes to her proposition and arranging to meet her the next morning at her hotel and drive her to a spot southeast of Imphal where her group was encamped. The price was right, and the idea of a cynical transgressor like myself leading a pilgrimage became more and more intriguing.

Still, I'd like to have had a private talk with my old Scottish hunting buddy and found out what he meant when he wished me good luck and said, *"You'll* know what to do." It had sounded like a warning.

WE drove out in her Riley Land-Rover, a kind of glorified jeep with oversize tires for jungle travel, and came at last to a small village on the Burmese border. There were two huge Chinese men waiting there for us and they hopped aboard and led us through a devious trail the short distance to the encampment. I was dropped at a solitary tent, together with my gear, at the edge of a clearing.

"Get yourself settled," Madame Soo said, "and I'll be back for you in a little while."

The tent was a small square marquee which was empty save for a couple of packing cases in one corner, and a washstand and mirror against the tent-pole. It only took me a few minutes to undo my bedroll, set up my camp cot, break out my toilet accessories, and I had a place to call home. I left my guns in their cases, except for the Webley .38 which I dropped into the capacious pocket of my bush jacket.

Presently one of the two Chinese, a surly-looking character named Hoh-Hsing, came to pick me up and take me to Madame's tent a short distance away. This was a real resplendant marquee with a mosquito-net porch and bamboo furniture. Not far off, parked in a wide circle, I was amazed to see the vehicles for the pilgrimage. Everything was the best: there were four Land-Rovers, three large *charabancs,* as the British

call the buses which are like motorized trailers, with sleeping accommodations and toilet facilities aboard, and a couple of medium trucks loaded with supplies. Everything was almost new, and all mounted mammoth tires while the trucks and *charabancs* were double-wheeled in the rear.

Suddenly I heard a sound and then Madame Soo's voice. "Hello, Mr. Pearson."

"That's some equipment you have there," I said, continuing to look at the motorcade.

Her laugh rippled prettily. "Just *what* do you mean by *that?*"

Then I turned and looked at her, and saw why she'd laughed. Her personal equipment was really something to admire. She was wearing a filmy, modern version of a kimono that left little to the imagination. It was a two-piece kimono with a long, open jacket and skin-tight pants slit up to the knee on the outside. It was worn with a loose shantung blouse whose V-neckline ended near her navel. She had a well-knit, firm-bosomed build that promised excitement.

"I was talking about the vehicles," I said lamely, "but—"

"Never mind," she said. "Come, sit down. I have the contract for you to sign."

She clapped her hands and a bearer-boy appeared and she spoke rapidly in Chinese. He was back in a few minutes with a tray of bottles and glasses which he set down on the tea-table between us. Then he got out a match and pumped up and lit the primus lamp overhead.

IT was nicely timed. In this latitude in India, conversely to Kipling's Mandalay where "the dawn comes up like thunder," night falls with the suddenness of a theater curtain. In a few minutes it was dark outside, and Madame Soo poured me a gin and herself a brandy. Even in the fierce white light of the spirit lamp she was beautiful.

She lifted her glass and said once again, "To our venture!" and downed her drink neatly. She took a long, slim cigarette from an enamel box on the table, lit it, and exhaled a curl of acrid smoke a moment later which was unlike any tobacco I'd ever smelled. Then, with careless indifference she reached into the bosom of her blouse and pulled out a neatly folded document.

"Your contract," she said.

"Scarcely a safe place to keep it," I joked.

Her smile vanished and her eyes became hard as flint. "Read it," she snapped, "and if it's all right, sign it. Both copies."

I READ it the way most people read contracts, skimming through with boredom and relying on the other person's integrity. I finished it hastily, noting chiefly the pay and length of employment, and then a sudden thought struck me.

"Have all your personnel got passports for the passage, through India?" I asked.

"You're very suspicious," she said. It was a defensive remark, and I wondered why. She reached under the table and lifted a teakwood box onto it and then opened the box up to reveal stacks of official crimson-jacketed passports. I flipped through a few, and was struck by the similarity of the photos. "Your pilgrims look a lot alike," I said.

Madame Soo took a deep drag of her cigarette and regarded me thoughtfully from under lowered lids. "Don't you Americans say that *all* Orientals look alike?" she asked coldly.

I put the passports back, got out my pen, and signed the contracts, pocketing my copy. Now suddenly she smiled again and got up to pick up her copy.

After a few more drinks she went inside and got a map and I plotted out the route for our first day's run. I wanted to get started as close to sun-up as possible the next morning and travel until the heat of the midday sun made things intolerable. Then, after a siesta, we could resume our journey in the relative cool of the later afternoon. When this was decided I said goodnight and walked slowly back to my tent, instinctively clutching the butt of the gun in my pocket.

There were a lot of things about this venture that had me curious. As I lay on my cot I wondered about some of them: How come Madame Soo, a professed Mohammedan, drank brandy when liquor is tabu in that religion? Instead of this arduous land-trek, why hadn't the Madame and her retinue gone by boat from Malaya or Burma direct to Arabia? What kind of a deal did she have to get the money for all this new rolling stock? Why was my tent pitched away from the compound where the others were camped? Why was Madame Soo holding all the passports instead of the individuals involved, and why did the photos look as though they'd been posed for by the same person? And what was that stuff she was smoking—Hasheesh? Mandragora? Poppy? Opium? It certainly wasn't tobacco.

WE got off to a good start and for the next few days we made rapid progress, moving over hot dusty roads, dry mudflats, and fields of elephants grass as we passed through the provinces of Assam, Bengal, Bihar, and Chattisgarh. We forded or took the bridge over the Brahmaputra, Ganges, and Son rivers without incident, and the only real difficulties we experienced occurred when Madame Soo insisted on taking rough, circuitous routes around towns of any size. She explained these detours by saying she didn't want to risk having her pilgrims, being Mohammedans, mocked or reviled by the Hindu natives. But I couldn't help wondering if for some *(Continued on page 69)*

At the next turn of the river he came upon his cargo of girls in the midst of bathing.

STAND UP

Shells splattered steel, flesh and blood—I was hit, then my gun jammed—The Reds were advancing and I was scared spitless—In seconds we'd either be victors—or dead

by RAY INGE as told to Gordon Cunningham

"HERE they come—keep your head down and your gun up!"

McKeever jabbed me hard. I came out of the trance, my heart booming in my ears. When I looked around, McKeever was still pawing the frozen gunk of Koto-ri where Dog Company—what was left of it—was dug in for slaughter.

A PFC from the 5th Regiment was sitting up in the snow, blood congealed to his lidless eyes. He kept twisting his head in the direction of the welling sound. There was another Marine with a hole where his kidney should've been, propped up, a BAR and a couple of clips in his lap. The blinded guy kept swearing at the Chinks, too loud, until McKeever told him to shut up.

"Sarge! Just tell me when to shoot and where—"

We were trapped—cut off. Three Chinese divisions were deployed along both sides of the L-shaped road running south. The closest intact Marine force was sixteen miles away. Below, at the base of the hill, the Chinks had rolled up three heavy tanks to juggernaut ahead of their infantry. I watched the soft, moon-washed silver of the scarred valley below, and I tried like hell to think it was just another nightmare and it would pass.

"Hey, Inge!" PFC Tommy Concias hissed me. "How you fixed for spit?"

"Bone dry. You scared?"

"Scared and mad. Be a lousy liar if I said otherwise."

Talking was good for the soul. McKeever was dead against talking and maybe McKeever was right. But we talked, low, like the condemned about to die. My right leg throbbed painfully. I eased the tourniquet where the piece of jagged bone showed through and the hissing in my ears let up.

"Corpsman!" a gyrene moaned behind me. I knew just what the guy felt like. Three hours before, the last Chink attack had killed off our last medic. The 124th Communist division was directly below us, but waiting for *what* nobody could figure out.

"McKeever. They ain't comin' yet, you're seein' things," Concias growled.

The sergeant crawled back between us. his blackened face grim and determined as *(Continued on page 75)*

They slaughtered the first wave of Commies

AND DIE

but wondered if they could hold the hill—they were a single Marine company against two divisions.

Hot Fangs Tore My Flesh

Jaws clamped to my flesh tearing it from the bone—I shoved my fist through fur into a throat and shrieked—I was raving—as crazy as the beasts that were attacking me—

by **WILLIAM O'BANNON** as told to Allan Stone

illustrated by BRUCE MINNEY

EVELYN was a long way below me. And at first I thought I was hearing things. But then I *heard* and hot needles coursed through my legs. Without stopping to reload, without thinking of anything other than her safety, I plunged through the last of the hardwoods into open, rock-strewn tundra.

"O'Bannon!" she sobbed, a wail that hung over the autumn woodlands. "Please! Help me, O'Bannon—"

I'd spooked a big whitetail buck at the base of the timberline a moment before; I'd snapped off three-clean-miss .348's at a fleeting silhouette and had stood there, sweating, angry with myself as I always was when I blew an easy one.

I'd yelled, "Evelyn! Buck coming through!"

She'd replied, *"Foxes—they're eating me!"*

"Leave the foxes alone—shoot the d-damned buck!" I yelled back angrily, but nothing happened except that the strawberry blonde yelled louder. So then I cut out through the last fringe of timberline and came out on the flat.

"Foxes! Foxes!" Evelyn wailed.

Three foxes. Big as small police dogs, three rabid foxes were tearing the strawberry blonde apart. From where I stood, Evey's lovely long body writhed in agony with one fox fast to her left leg, another leaping at her throat, the third hanging tenaciously to her right wrist.

I plunged through the deadwood onto the tundra, running and shouting, *"I'm coming, Evey! I'm coming—"*

As I raced toward her the saliva welled in my throat hot and sour. I could see Evey's blood spurting in the bright fall sunlight of a Saskatchewan morning. The *wrist* fox hit an artery and her rich red blood like a fountain spewed the air. Even as I ran I could hear the ripping of bluejeans and the distinct cracking of bones. Evey's sobs racked over the tundra fusing with the shrill, excited, demented ululation of her attackers. Foxes. Rabid foxes. I watched her go down under a flurry of fur, but still didn't risk a pot shot. I shoved one boot into a posthole instead and fell flat on my face.

"Please, help!" Evey sobbed. *"O'Bann—"*

Crimson smeared her yellow blouse as snapping fangs shredded the strawberry blonde. She was still writhing on the ground, whimpering pathetically as I got up again and ran. All I saw were the foxes and they covered her.

EVERYTHING went wrong that year. It was November, 1954, and up in the Canadian wilds where I had my camp there was *supposed* to be a deer season. It was more like Indian summer, hot, sticky, unseasonable weather for spooking bucks. But it was the only time I had to hunt, and the strawberry blonde who was scheduled to become my bride in December, insisted on taking the vacation together.

"I won't change anything—no curtains, no clean dishes!" Evey insisted while I was still half yes, half no about bringing her up. "Please, O'Bannon. Pretty please?"

"I'm out of my mind to be taking you up—or even *talking* about taking you up!" I snapped.

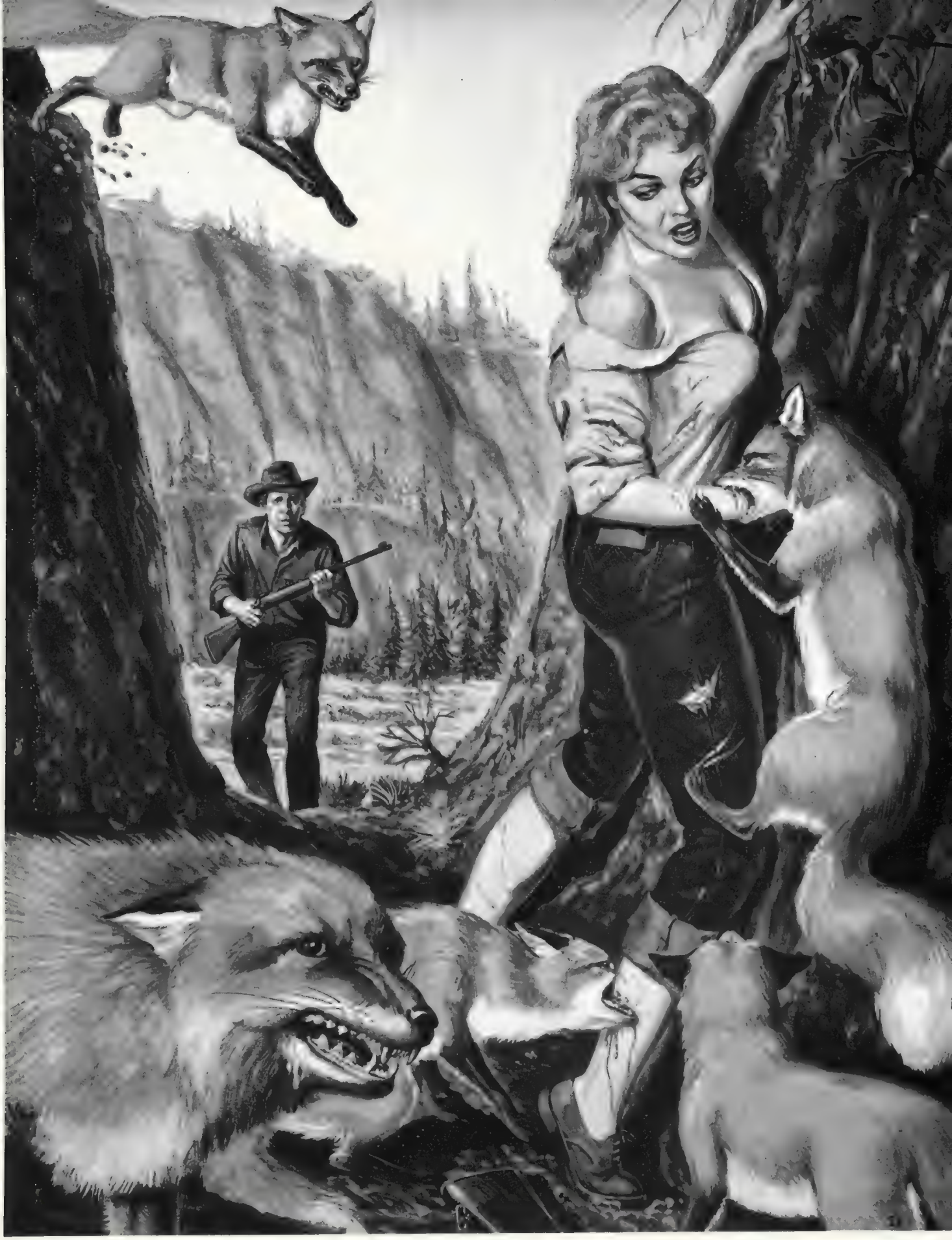
"That's nice," Evey Blanchard cooed, settling in my arms. Her lovely face plastered against mine until the room spun. "I knew," she whispered after a mite, "you'd see it my way—"

BESIDES Evey Blanchard, hunting was my passion. Every year I'd haul up to the little $5,000 shack I'd slapped together out of baling wire and old boards, and maybe every other year I'd bring down a nice eight, ten-pointer to Toronto. I was thirty-seven, a veteran of the Canadian Army and, for a guy of my age, reasonably rugged yet. I had no intention of ever missing a deer season if I could help it, so I accepted my future bride's offer.

It didn't occur to me to ask about rabid foxes. Hunting season always featured something unhappy in the woods country. One year we had bears galore—so many bears they were paying $50 bounty for each head a man lugged in. One year the blowflies were so thick a dead, ungutted deer was spoiled meat if it didn't get stuffed or hung in an hour.

We arrived at camp two days after the season inaugural, loaded for bear. My camp was a two roomer built for rugged living with *(Continued on page 77)*

He could not shoot because the beasts were all over her, savagely tearing her to bits.



THE FABULOUS MADAM OF BERLIN'S Strangest Bordello

She was a stage struck kid who gave the oldest profession in the world a new twist—and men from all over thronged to her temple of love—

by JAMES FINNEGAN

illustrated by BRUCE MINNIE

DOWN below, on the cobblestones of Kirshenstrasse Street in Berlin on a fogbound morning in June of 1934, were the long black Mercedes-Benz cars of the Gestapo. They were custom-built jobs with armor plate and bullet-proof windows, pulled in at the curb, their motors running.

Up above, in an opulent bedroom in the house at 37 Kirshenstrasse, standing in the doorway to the bathroom, was Gerta Schnabel herself, the wisps of steam from the hot water in the tub behind her curling gently up her long-stemmed legs and her firm yet generously endowed Teutonic body, putting a coating of mist on her skin and golden glints of light in the long blonde tresses that fell softly over Gerta's pinkly rounded shoulders.

"You made me do it," Gerta said simply to the blond, good-looking man who lay on the floor in a pool of blood.

Then Gerta Schnabel turned her back and took the few steps to the tub and entered her bath. She let her body enter the hot water slowly, first the legs below the knees, then the thighs—turning pink with the heat—until she was immersed in the water and it made ripples across her navel.

Gerta reached across to the sink and took the single-edged razor blade between *(Continued on page 60)*

Madam Gerta's girls fascinated the clients with their seductive, unusual performances.

Searing flames and thick smoke swept through the building while screaming workers tried to escape.

PANICKED IN A BLAZING HELL

I was crushed in the screaming mob that rushed toward the flames—Smoke burned my lungs and I retched—I was frying alive, sizzling in human fat

by **JOHN ORR** as told to J. J. Lewis

Frantic leaps from top floors to street resulted in crushed bodies for many victims.

SOMEBODY broke a window with a chair. The stampede was on. There was more smoke outside than inside. A jagged race of flame tongued along the narrow ledge below, sweeping upward from the second to the fourth floors. It was a surging roar, sheeting sparks and rolling clouds of choking black smoke.

The fire roasted several women clinging to the third-floor ledge as they poised, terrified, staring into the desolate Broadway canyon and praying for the distantly wailing fire engines to arrive. You're supposed to see your life passing in front of your eyes when you're dying—*I saw nothing.*

The fire was roasting twenty-four men and women a few yards away from me. The screams and stench of burning flesh—my own bleeding cuts and burns—these things brought deepening panic. The smoke blinded me so that I gagged, sobbing my guts out as I kept clinging to the narrow ledge, too terrified to look into the street.

"Don't hog the ledge, you bastard!" a girl screamed behind me, shoving hard against my back. I grabbed the sill with one hand, the scorching brick wall with the other, pleading with her. As she struck me again, I could feel something hot and *(Continued on page 46)*

MURDER

RIDES the BACK SEAT

Pistol, knife or a rope—any weapon goes in a car—and the killer flees to freedom before the corpse is found

Libby Bershad and friend had suicide pact. He shot her in car, then lost his nerve and fled, unable to kill himself.

Tony Trombino and Tony Brancato were riddled by back-seat killer who quickly fled the grisly scene.

by DEREK COLEMAN

"DON'T ever get into a car with a stranger!" is one of the first warnings a mother gives her small daughter, and then, remembering certain grim headlines, she may add, "Don't take a ride with anybody at all without my permission."

These admonitions may be sufficient deterrents to keep the girl out of cars until she's old enough to think for herself. At that point, if she follows the pattern of countless girls and women seduced, assaulted, raped, forced into sodomy, or murdered in automobiles, she'll blithely hop into any car she wants to without a thought of the consequences. She's a big girl now and can take care of herself, she reckons, and in this confident belief she's apt to jump right into jeopardy.

One of the grisly headlines mothers may remember concerned a certain Kathryn Knodel, a lovely sixteen-year-old honey blonde who went for a ride and never came home.

Kathie had had all the usual warnings about accepting rides in her childhood, but it was the unusual ones that she needed. *Never get into a car with anyone!* was a deeply-etched admonition, but it was only natural for her to assume that relatives were an exception. Unfortunately for her, her family had been understandably reticent about Uncle John, an ex-con with a psychotic history, and she had no intuition about the man whom her parents treated politely and who in turn couldn't have been better behaved.

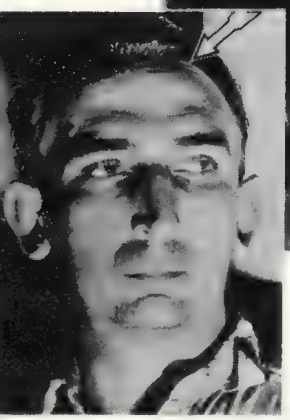
This black sheep, whose full name was John Chauncey Lawrence, was married and lived in San Rafael, Cal., and made only occasional visits to the Knodel home in Redlands. In August, 1952, he broke up with his wife and decided to go back to his original home town of Memphis, Tenn., stopping in to say goodbye to his sister and her family en route.

When he reached the Knodels' late on the afternoon of August 20th, Kathie was home alone. It was a hot day and Kathie had been working around the house dressed only in a loosely-buttoned peasant blouse. shorts, and play shoes.

"J—just stopped in to say hello to the folks," blurted Lawrence, his gaze dropping from her welcoming smile to her firm young body. "I'm taking a trip back to Memphis."

"Well, come on in, Uncle John!" Kathie said, beaming. "Nobody's home—Dad's at work and mother'll be gone for a few hours—but you can wait, can't you?"

He followed her into the living room, looking her over greedily. He was a beetle-browed character in



John Lawrence lured trusting niece Kathie Knodel for ride, abused and killed her in car.

Harley Lamarr got the chair for nine-dollar robbery and car-killing of Mrs. Frisbee.

his thirties with a large, pointed nose, a weak chin, and a receding forehead. He had large moist eyes that tended to stare at things, and when it came to women, to stare hungrily.

"Lord, it's hot today!" Kathie said, throwing herself onto the sofa and tucking her legs under her.

"Sure is," Lawrence said, his mind racing. His mouth was dry and his heart was pounding as he looked at her. Kathie chattered on about the family and her activities in high school, got up and got him a cold drink, and commented a few more times on the hot weather.

Lawrence could hardly keep his hands off her as the lust built up in him. Every nerve was taut as a violin string as he tried to keep his conversation casual, and his mind groped for an idea to get her somewhere alone. Suddenly, when she'd sighed and complained about the heat again, the scheme came to him.

"Well, let's not just sit here—let's do something about this miserable weather. How about hopping into my car and drive around and cool off?"

"Wonderful!" Kathie said. She looked down at her clothes. "Do I have to change into something more ladylike?"

Lawrence laughed. "Gosh, no. That outfit's just perfect. Let's go."

"Just half a sec," she said, and ran over to the telephone pad and scribbled a note to her mother. *Mom,* she wrote, *I'll be right back. Kathryn.* "Okay, Uncle John," she laughed, "let's get rolling."

Lawrence's knuckles were white as he clutched hard on the steering wheel and headed the old gray Dodge for a lonely dirt road he knew of in Live Oak Canyon.

"This is more like it!" Kathie cried as the breeze whipped through the open-windowed sedan and tossed her soft blonde hair about. "Real cool!"

Lawrence grunted, his mind on other things. Finally he came to the dirt road off the highway and turned in. "Where on earth are you going?" Kathie asked, not yet alarmed.

"See some real country," muttered Lawrence. The Dodge bounced over the rutted road until it was lost out of sight from the highway. Then he stopped the car and turned off the engine.

"Pretty here, isn't it?" he said huskily, looking around at the dense trees. He licked his lips and added, "A good place for lovers." He turned and looked at her intently, lifting his arm across the back of the seat. "You ever have anybody make love to you, Kathryn? I mean *really* make love?"

"Uncle John!" Kathie gasped. She was frightened, but only momentarily. Then she tsked disbelievingly and reached over and turned on the ignition key. "Stop kidding, Uncle John. Let's go. This place is real spooky."

HE slapped her hand away from the key. "We're not going yet, Kathie. Not until—until I show you I'm not kidding." He grabbed her by the shoulders and pressed his lips to hers, keeping her in a grip of iron as she struggled futilely against his kisses. She tried to scream but he clamped a hand over her mouth and with his free hand he tore at her clothes.

When she was found next morning after having been Lawrence's plaything most of the night, all she had on was the peasant blouse with all its buttons torn off. She lay in the middle of Ramon Road, near Palm Springs, her honey hair gleaming, her body bloody, and her face battered to a pulp. The truck driver who discovered her had the good sense not to touch the body, and before rushing off to report to the police he put emergency candles around the body to keep cars from running over her.

The Knodels had already filed a missing persons report with Police Chief W. E. Slaughter in Redlands. He'd sent out Kathryn's description in an All Points

Bulletin, and when Police Chief August Kettman, of Palm Springs, saw the body, he surmised it was the Knodel girl. After the identification was confirmed, the investigation began and the Knodels were insistent that Kathryn would never have gone out, dressed as she was, with anyone but a relative or a close, adult family friend.

Friends and relatives were checked out, and finally Chief Slaughter learned that Kathryn's Uncle John had left San Rafael the day before with the intention of stopping at Redlands before heading East. Then a witness, who had stopped to help a motorist get his gray Dodge started during the night, reported that the incident occurred near the murder scene and he gave a description of the motorist which tallied with Lawrence's.

Once more an APB was flashed from Redlands, and it was only a matter of hours before the amorous uncle was caught. He told a weird story of killing her accidentally, but the autopsy revealed that the girl had been raped, and Lawrence had scratch marks all over his back. The jury never believed the story of the "accident" and Lawrence was found guilty and sent to the gas chamber, thus leaving Mrs. Mary Knodel a double sufferer who lost an only daughter and an only brother as a result of one wild ride in the night

MANY cars registered as passenger vehicles should be carrying commercial plates because they serve as the sales rooms, consultation offices, experimental labs, operating rooms, shooting galleries, and butcher blocks of prostitutes, con men, Don Juans, perverts, rapists, and murderers. One of the accessories auto salesmen never mention is that the automobile is the ideal accessory before the fact: it permits the criminal to be on the lam even while committing the crime and is convenient for transporting an intended victim out of a capital *(Continued on page 64)*

Because they could not marry, Ruth Thomson and Grant Ruter committed suicide in a car.

Vada Martin was the victim of a co-worker's jealous wife, who invited her for ride, then shot her.

JOHN SILK and HIS

The cowboy had a private harem—He had five girls who would do anything for his love—and so he was planning a stunt—one that would stand the whole town on its ear

by ROBERT MOORE

illustrated by LOU MARCHETTI

THE shooting came from the fair grounds on the far side of Chain of Rocks, but it was loud enough to be heard clearly, John Silk noted appreciatively as he strapped on his gunbelt. The sheer weight of a pair of .44's was reassuring, though Silk had never shot a man except during the war. He felt his fingers brush against the gun butts and instinctively, feinting, he fell into a half crouch that was marked by a blur of movement and the soft slapping of leather. Once more he tried it. Then, easing the guns into their leather again, he strode across the hotel room to the window. It was, so far, Silk thought, a real nice Fourth of July, 1870.

On Main the only sign of life was a couple of drunks silently pummeling each other senseless in front of Walker's Ace Cafe. There wasn't a deputy in town, but if there was it didn't make a hell of a lot of difference today. Anything went, today. Six revolver shots crashed down the street, the sound rolling like a summer thunder squall. A drunken harlot reeled onto the veranda of the Palace, heaving a dead whiskey bottle through a store window. The crash died away, but nobody took her in for disturbing the peace. It was 11:45 A.M.

THE sun was high and hot and bright. John Silk suddenly heard the creaking of the buckboard as the colored boy brought it around from the Albamarle Hotel stable. Good enough, he thought. Very damned good enough, yes! Then, rapping on the door of the adjoining room, he called his five women. Anna King, Marge O'Leary, Helen Pauling, Bibi Schultz and Rita Ard—a pair of redheads, a pair of blondes and one brunette, respectively, known to the professional world as *John Silk's Red-Satin Five*—waltzed in for their last minute orders.

"We've got a couple of minutes." Silk studied them. "Let's go over it for the last time."

The brunette, Ard, sucked in her breath. The ripe fullness of her high breasts overflowing their red-satin bodice gave her an appearance of pained plenitude. The others were nervous, too, he thought, but not as much as the brunette.

"Why pick on me to drive the damned buckboard, Silk?" the girl whimpered. "I *hate* horses."

"Because you move too slow to suit me." The lean, handsome gunman flashed a smile. "Give you a better reason, honey, since you *(Continued on page 48)*

The money bags were full, but Silk's girls were determined to take all the greenbacks.

RED-SATIN GANG

National Scandal

WILD and WANTON

WEEKENDS on WHEELS

Romance-happy women are turning inter-city buses into rolling lovers' lanes—Footloose and free, they are converting many national vacation bound vehicles into a most sordid pick-up paradise . . .

by GENE CHANNING

Bus tours attract many women who are more interested in pick-up than in the scenery.

Adjoining seats and intimate surroundings make a romantic setting during night trip.

"LAST call for Bus 212, now loading for Baltimore and Washington," droned the coldly impersonal voice of the dispatcher. "Passengers will please check in at Gate 6."

Struggling with two oversize suitcases, a cute, corsaged blonde staggered from a cab at New York's Port Authority Terminal recently, and raced through the crowded waiting room just as the gate man was pulling down the Special "212" sign.

"Hold the gate!" she screamed. *"Please wait!"*

She made it aboard, stood panting beside the driver and looked around for a seat. Outside, her husband waved a handkerchief. It was a cool spring night—cool enough for an overcoat, or looked at from the blonde's amorous proclivities, cool enough for a man's caressing hand.

"Is this seat occupied?" the blonde smiled faintly.

She wore a tight velvetine sheath under an expensive coat. Her dress was unusually low cut. I said the seat was unoccupied. She sat down, and as her husband was still waving, I offered her the window seat. Lovingly she pressed her face to it, smiling and nodding her head. A few moments later the grinding of gears heralded our odyssey. And it was to really be an epic odyssey at that.

The story was American highways and byways, and what happens when there's two on a bus, with the same thought in mind. Uniquely, the blonde came under the general heading of "research"—a distinct pleasure of which there are too few around for a wandering reporter. She pulled out a small flask, offered me a cigarette and settled down. "My name's Betty K—," she smiled. "And this is the first vacation I'm going on without the 'anchor.'"

She took a nip and passed the bottle. Bourbon. She was wearing *Joy*, and the sultry fragrance of it wafted over me like a cloud of velvet. By the time we'd reached the tunnel, I knew a good deal more about Mrs. K—and her long contemplated vacation. Her hand touched mine. The bus was dark. I leaned over and kissed her, and she responded hungrily.

We spent a torrid week together.

WHEN we bussed back to New York, her husband met her at the terminal. She threw her arms around him and actually cried with joy. "Dear," she said. "I'd like you to meet Mr. Channing. He was *so* nice to me in Washington. The hotels were overcrowded and he gave me his room—"

"I can't thank you enough," Mr. K— beamed. He said he never saw his wife looking better. "The vacation agreed with you. You're a new woman, dear!"

"I guess I am!" Betty K— smiled wistfully. "By', Mr. Channing—and thanks again."

I wandered off. Two nights later, I caught another bus.

A Boston travel agent, when quizzed on the sudden popularity of highway transportation explained:

"For a fast romance, a man can't get a better deal than by traveling in a bus. He meets all kinds, all shapes and sizes."

Judging from a comprehensive piece of *research,* this reporter is compelled to agree. It may take a while to get where you're going, but with female companionship such as it is these days who, as the man says, is in any damned big hurry?

Further, many travel agents close their case: "You see more, the driver 'sees' nothing, and there just isn't any cheaper means of transportation. . ."

Getting anywhere—any highway—from glorified "66" to the frigid, picturesque Alcan, all a man needs is time, ticketing and a passable knowledge of judo. The women do the rest.

NOT long ago Frank R——, an ex-Marine and longtime friend, decided to take a high-powered TV bus commercial at face value. Six-one and a hazel-eyed copy of Rock Hudson, Frank had only fifteen days to kill. Nevertheless, he plunked down his hundred plus for a round trip, New York-Miami excursion, and boarded his bus.

The basic rules of propriety preclude the detailing here of his junket to the land of milk and honey, but a few grisly items can safely be repeated. One was the fact that, no sooner had he parked his body in a reclining seat on the aisle beside a young and vigorous widow, Mr. R—— was "claimed for duration."

Above the protests of thirty-four (by count) female competitors, the widow legged Frank into swapping seats with her so that, seemingly, Frank was firmly corralled against the window.

Not exactly an unwilling subject, naturally, since the widow was barely twenty-five and built along Lorenish lines, Frank did his best to stay attentive for three days and nights—nights, since hotel reservations, according to seating plan, made it convenient for adjacent numbers to sleep in "adjacent" rooms. The long, the short of it, in that understaffed romance chariot, was a simple case of too few Frank R——'s to go around.

"Don't tell me your troubles, mister," the blue-suited driver told the ex-Marine. "At first I thought I was in paradise—now I'd give my eye teeth to be transferred to a short line. I'm wore out!"

In part, this should explain much of the current off-color attraction to some men and many more women on the love parade—an endless stream of luxury buses that sally forth from the nation's terminals 365 days every year. Curiously, there isn't much that can be done about it either. Business is business, certain offending company officials say complacently. "We supply the conveyance, they're supposed to supply the morals.

"If untold thousands of American women choose to travel in buses, the man who rides the same bus wittingly does so at his own risk. After all, everybody, damned near, gets aboard at the same terminal. . ."

AND that's the commercial attitude to one of the shocking, hitherto undisclosed gimmicks for loose morality which is prevalent today. In a nutshell, (say these same characters) if the number of lonesome gals terrifies a man, he can turn right around, cash in his ticket and hop a plane. Needless to say, very few—if any—do.

Why it is that more women than men enjoy the scenic route is a matter of conjecture. Some say *budget, the notion that they might meet someone, and the relaxed informality* appeal to the female sex. This may or may not be, but no matter what the reasons, real or conjectural, women comprise two-thirds of the average bus line's passenger list.

And any man who refuses to face up to the likelihood of getting (at first) pleasantly roughed up, is strictly deluding himself. Obviously, not all women bus riders are barracudas, but a goodly number of them are. Given the slightest encouragement—and in a lot of cases no encouragement whatever—they hungrily take the hook.

IN the days before reclining seats, turret domes and double-decks, handling a passenger load was a relatively painless job, according to million-mile veteran George P—— of Washington.

Today's fierce transportation competition puts a different complexion on promiscuity on the bus line. Or to quote the same gent as before, "We supply the conveyance, they're supposed to supply the morals."

Bus terminal serves as necking ground for couples, many of whom met on the bus tour.

Lights are dimmed and pillows distributed by discreet steward for an overnight ride.

A couple who met on the bus tour have indiscreet meeting in hotel room during an overnight stop.

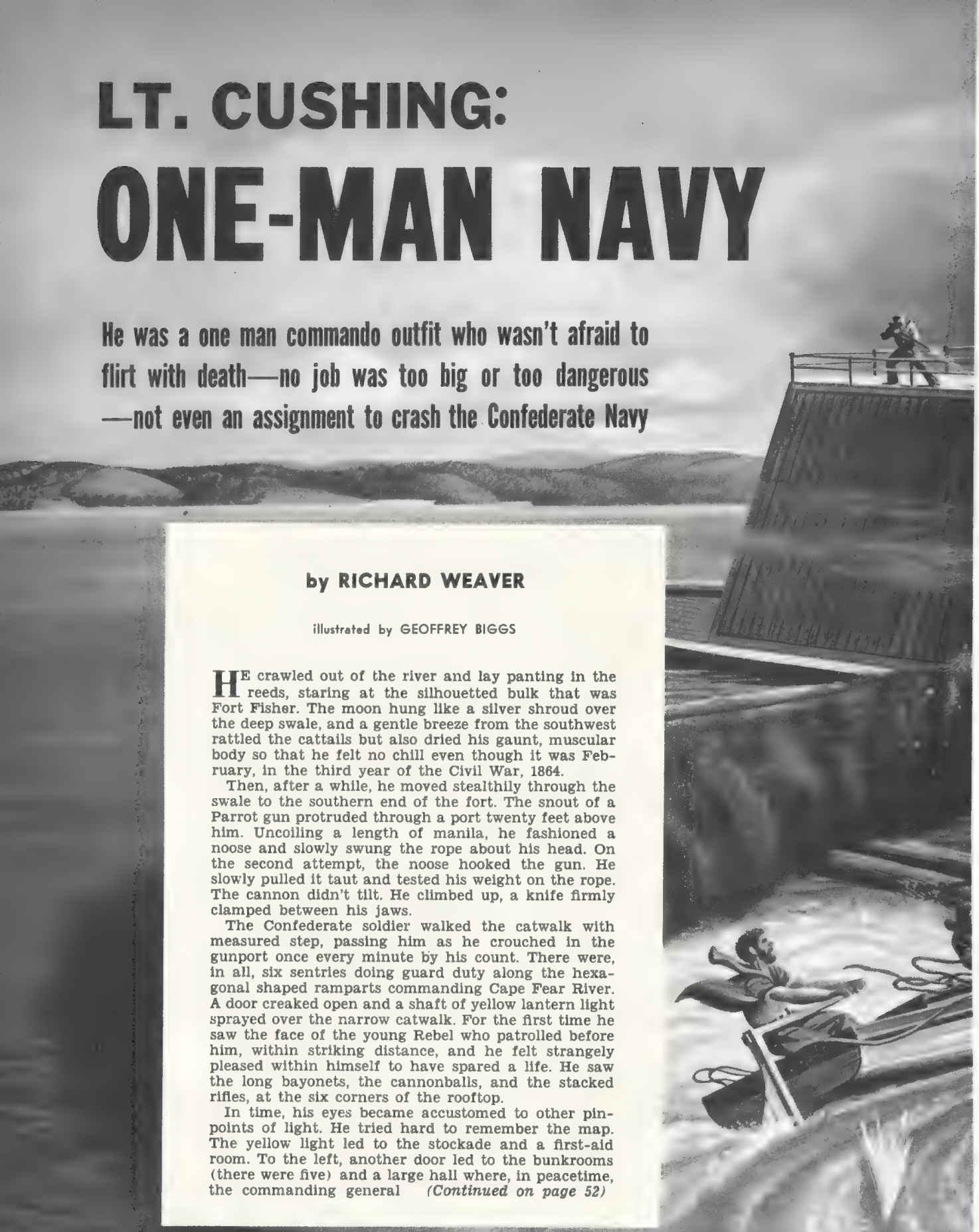
Unfortunately, it doesn't quite work out as blueprinted. Because of the constant struggle to make a buck, there is a growing reticence on the part of many lines to enforce at least a basic moral code. "It's tough enough trying to stay in business," one interstate operator observed. *"Why the hell should I play nursemaid?"*

Late last summer when large groups of matronly tourists coursed Route 90 for New Orleans, a twenty-five-year-old Korean vet, Jimmy H——, tall, strapping and flat broke after buying his ticket at Dallas, came away from his long ride with a story that sounded fantastic beyond belief to the untrained ear. To veteran drivers willing to concede that "very much goes" in a rolling express, it did not. Nor was it revolting to that hard core of riders who use the buses to promote their social life.

Seated in the rear section among a group of women, supposedly educators, none younger than fifty, there commenced the morbid little game of trying to see which of the matrons could rock the young Army vet's cradle nightly. *(Continued on page 58)*

LT. CUSHING: ONE-MAN NAVY

He was a one man commando outfit who wasn't afraid to flirt with death—no job was too big or too dangerous —not even an assignment to crash the Confederate Navy



by RICHARD WEAVER

illustrated by GEOFFREY BIGGS

HE crawled out of the river and lay panting in the reeds, staring at the silhouetted bulk that was Fort Fisher. The moon hung like a silver shroud over the deep swale, and a gentle breeze from the southwest rattled the cattails but also dried his gaunt, muscular body so that he felt no chill even though it was February, in the third year of the Civil War, 1864.

Then, after a while, he moved stealthily through the swale to the southern end of the fort. The snout of a Parrot gun protruded through a port twenty feet above him. Uncoiling a length of manila, he fashioned a noose and slowly swung the rope about his head. On the second attempt, the noose hooked the gun. He slowly pulled it taut and tested his weight on the rope. The cannon didn't tilt. He climbed up, a knife firmly clamped between his jaws.

The Confederate soldier walked the catwalk with measured step, passing him as he crouched in the gunport once every minute by his count. There were, in all, six sentries doing guard duty along the hexagonal shaped ramparts commanding Cape Fear River. A door creaked open and a shaft of yellow lantern light sprayed over the narrow catwalk. For the first time he saw the face of the young Rebel who patrolled before him, within striking distance, and he felt strangely pleased within himself to have spared a life. He saw the long bayonets, the cannonballs, and the stacked rifles, at the six corners of the rooftop.

In time, his eyes became accustomed to other pinpoints of light. He tried hard to remember the map. The yellow light led to the stockade and a first-aid room. To the left, another door led to the bunkrooms (there were five) and a large hall where, in peacetime, the commanding general *(Continued on page 52)*

Cushing headed straight for the Albemarle, screaming at the seamen to lower the boom.

A man's castle is

Kansas City born, Madeline Castle is a hazel-eyed, red-haired beauty whose

Madeline

ultimate aim is marriage—

Madeline's favorite sports are badminton and dancing, in food she prefers steaks—rare.

ATTACKED by the

The women lay on the decks, waving and whistling until we closed in, then they opened up with a cross fire—we were under attack by female hellions

by THOMAS HALLORAN

illustrated by WILL HULSEY

THE later afternoon sun glinted lazily on the muddy river as it pushed a heavy tide to the sea. On the Shanghai side of the roadstead, hundreds of moored junks and dhows lay inertly, swinging and creaking with the tide, their occupants asleep or sucking opium pipes under the lengths of bamboo tarpaulins that shielded them from the sun. It was a Sunday, a fortnight after the sinking of the USS *Panay*, and at Lodai Bar the muddy river swirled about the stacks of the sunken ship. The excitement of Japanese bombers was over, except to the north where the Chinese and Japanese always fought in the long preamble to World War II.

Commander Archie McDowall, thirty-four, newly arrived squadron leader of the British Yangtze Patrol, stood on the small, clean bridge of his new motor torpedo boat, silently wishing that the assignment had never come—at least, that it had not come when no Jap planes were about for a well-armed gunboat to pop at. Indifferently, McDowall buried his face in a pair of binoculars and scanned the shorelines. Sunday afternoon in the China Service that February, 1938, was "a time for a woman, a bottle of grog and a long, quiet sleep," old sailors maintained. McDowall sullenly agreed.

IN Singapore—McDowall thought gratefully of the memory—it was all different. There was the club . . . the native stalls where an off-duty officer could get roaring drunk and sleep with whomever he chose. McDowall sighed for the past.

Duty! McDowall snorted. No planes, no decent shore leaves, no women—only pirates. He smiled grimly, thinking of the latest concoction designed to keep the motor torpedo boat squadron away from the happy hunting grounds. In Singapore it was very, very different, McDowall sighed. The pleasure girls had their own dhows and they solicited the Navy by bringing their pleasures directly alongside! McDowall blinked reflectively at a long, lone approaching junk—the only ship in the main channel.

"Wouldn't it be elegant," McDowall effused to his leading Signalman, Connerghty, standing beside him, "if that was one of those Singapore fleshboats!"

Connerghty had the same thought in mind.

"Them Yanks on the *Mindinao*, sir—they're a cagey lot," the Signalman grunted. "No wonder they been tryin' to get us out of the area—I think I see women on that junk, Captain! Look close, sir—see them?"

McDowall grabbed the binoculars again. Then the two of them watched the Chinese junk slowly veer eastward, taking a course that would bring her to the *Vixen*. Commander McDowall suddenly felt like a new man.

"I hope they're pirates! Yes sir, I hope they're pirates!"

The Signalman ran a thick tongue over his lips.

"So do I, sir. I'll never ask for Singapore duty again. Lord! They're raving beauties, Captain!"

COMMANDER McDowall's nostalgia for Singapore was forgotten. Regulations? Regulations be damned! As long as old Lindsay was up-river for another few hours, there was plenty of time for the crew of HMS *Vixen* to savor the fruits of Shanghai. He thought of the assignment: protection of inbound and outbound vessels from pirates.

Seven days ago, at a remote spot on the Yangtze, a Belgian freighter had been overhauled and stopped amidstream. Thirty sailors had been butchered, their nude bodies gathered together in a grotesque heap after their ship had been plundered. The only mystery about it was their state of undress, but now, thinking about it, Commander McDowall shrugged it off as the heat. It wasn't unusual for sailors to strip down in the China heat.

"Shall I hail 'em, Captain?"

"No! They'll jack up the price, you fool!"

"Shall I bust out the crew?"

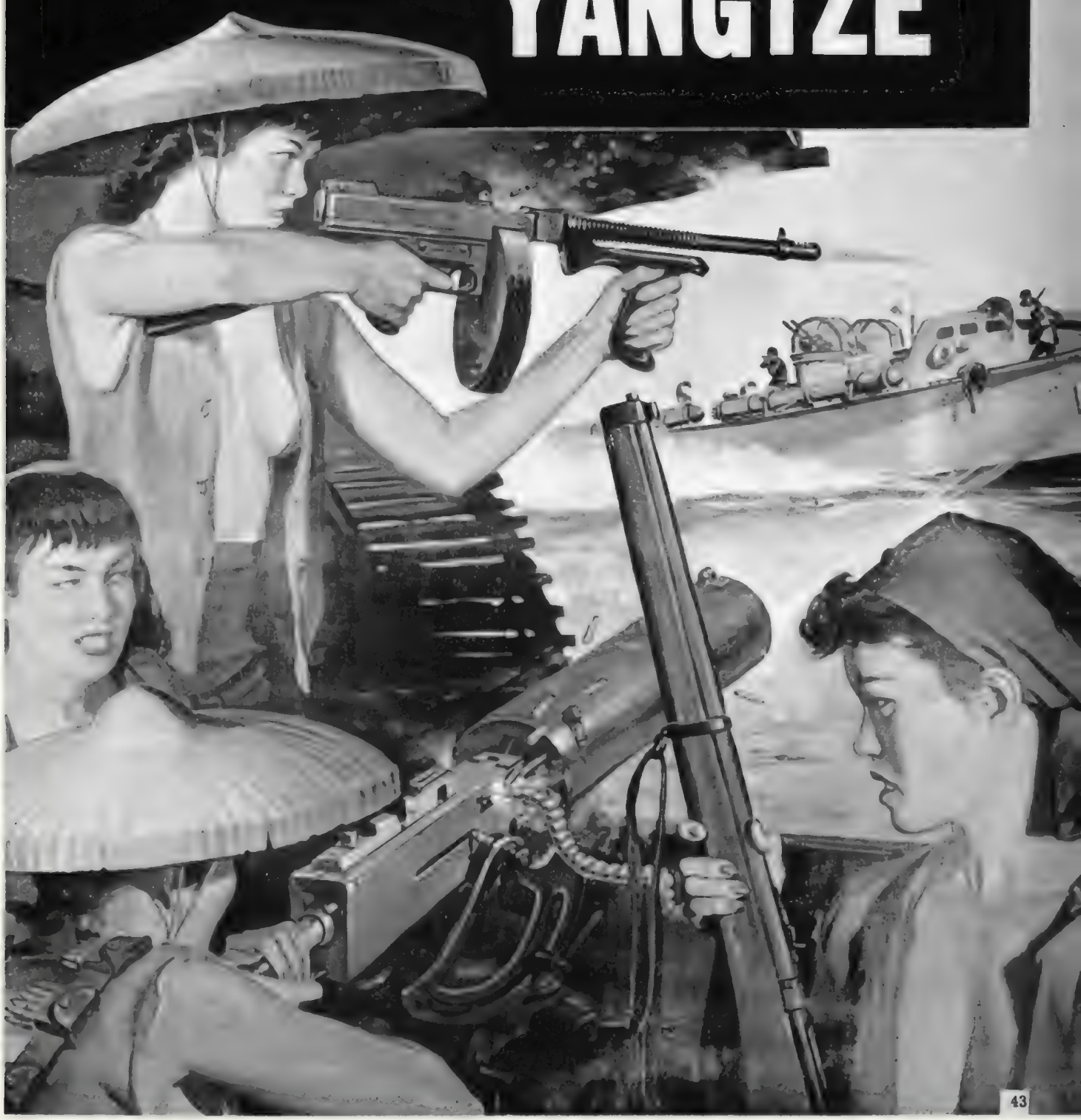
"Negat! That would have the same affect. . ."

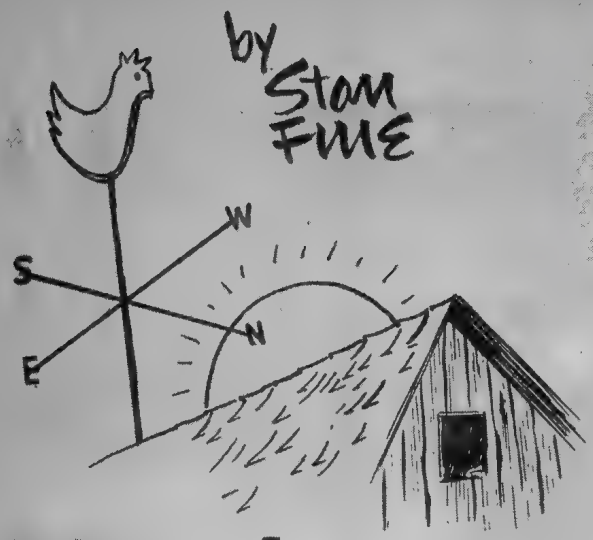
The junk kept tacking in closer and closer. McDowall suddenly was thrilled with Yangtze duty. Not too long before, McDowall had been acutely disappointed because he'd not been transferred to command of a fleet destroyer for duty in the Atlantic Squadron. Now, commanding motor torpedo boat (actually a PC), complement of sixty-one men, the duty seemed elegantly suited to his tastes. And with half the crew ashore on weekend leave, what McDowall had in mind could be arranged a lot more conveniently.

(Continued on page 78)

At fifty yards the junk suddenly opened up and an array of women let go murderous fire.

GIRL PIRATES of the YANGTZE





TOP O' THE MORNING

"You're gonna skip breakfast? Well, I hope you know what you're doing."

"What would you do if you didn't have me to get you going in the morning?"

"Guess what it's doing out."
"Did you hear that? Another TON just fell off the roof."
"I have to make time today, dear—go back to sleep."
Stan Fine

BLAZING HELL

(Continued from page 25)

wet draining down my neck. I moved. I caught a glimpse of her face for a second, her eyes bugged out, the little knife in her clenched fist. *"Dios!"* she shrieked. *"Make the bastard move! Help, help—fire!"*

She was wearing a full-flared bolero skirt; it billowed up around her thighs and turned her to a living torch as a tongue of flame mushroomed through the window. I couldn't reach her. She held out the knife hand, pleading, insane with terror, but I missed. Another woman dove head first through that window, knocking the girl off with her. Their elongated, piercing screams were blunted by the maze of sirens on Broadway and Houston Street, and the smoke and flames shooting out of the windows below did the rest.

I KEPT crawling, praying, squeezing up against the building front, trying to keep ahead of the smoke—but I couldn't. At one window, the interior of the Monarch Underwear Corp. looked like a giant incinerator. Men and women—burning and already charred lumps of flesh—were queued up at an exit in a big knot of arms and legs.

Something hurtled down from the floor above and in the distant street below, people screamed. I saw a fleck of cloth bounce off the sidewalk like a broken doll, and then the fire rushed around the corner of the building and I couldn't see any more. Nor could I think. The building suddenly seemed to be rocking from *another* explosion, but by then I was too overcome from smoke, fear and livid burns to really tell.

A cloud of thick white smoke billowed up as the firehoses hit the inferno. I stretched out fully, face down, hugging the ledge wall. The fire wasn't two minutes old but I figured myself for dead. I touched my hand to my back and drew it around and saw the blood; then another woman jumped out of a window above me and I heard her squash in the street, and it made me faint. I was praying; I lost my place just about the time I tried to stand up.

Suddenly a window blew out to my left. The concussion knocked me down. I felt both legs swing into air and I screamed, clawing the sill for dear life. Somewhere below me people were jumping into a net; others were clinging to sills screaming at the hook-and-ladder men racing up to save them. They were about thirty feet shy of my ledge when the fire boiled out of the window and I let go, flailing air, spread-eagled, falling into the street . . .

DEATH DAY—March 19, 1958—was a big day in my life on a few counts. One of 'em was finding a job. Another was splurging on a pair of new shoes. Another was making a date with a cute little Latin chick at the next table down from me.

I mooched along down Broadway as broke and melancholy as a guy could be. The brunette walked ahead of me—not slow, but not fast, either.

It was a gray, overcast day. Cold and miserable. I had a hole in my right shoe. The sole of my right foot was practically educated to New York streets. If the brunette noticed my condition, she didn't make a crack about it. She let me catch up with her and smiled the warmest, friendliest smile I'd ever known in New York. She was about twenty, trim, well built and *nice*. It had been so long since a girl looked twice at me, I didn't know quite what to say. I said the first thing that came to mind.

"You work around here?"

"Too much and for too little," she smiled wistfully. "See the crowd?"

Down the grimy catacombs of lower Broadway I saw not one but several crowds. They were waiting outside the manufacturing section, a dismal lot of ancient buildings that somebody forgot to pull down around the turn of the century. They weren't much of an improvement over the flea bags I lived in from time to time.

BEING broke and out of a job was a new sensation for me. The only thing I knew was oil tankers, but I'd wanted to learn a land trade so I'd quit the merchants figuring I could take it—provided I didn't die of pounding the pavements first. That fateful decision was made at a lousy time. I couldn't get enrolled in a trade school because all the schools were full up and I couldn't get a job for want of experience.

I lived in a flea bag on West 4th Street, strictly cold water flat. I owed three months back rent, had my things in hock, and was lower than a snake's belly when I crawled out of the sack that morning, determined to get a job doing *anything* or else make a fast move back to sea. Meeting Carmen was a stroke of luck, I thought, then, walking beside her.

"The shop won't open for a few minutes," the brunette said, pulling me out of the freezing air into a doorway. "Let's stay here and talk *por favor*—"

For a moment she fooled me with the talk routine. Then I was too choked up to say anything. She opened a paper bag and pulled out two chicken sandwiches.

"Take one." She insisted. She ate the first half of one and shoved the other half in my face. "If you don't eat, you won't have the strength to dance with me," she laughed. "I have a small place uptown and some good records. After work, you come home with me?"

I DIDN'T figure her at all. She was carrying the sympathy thing too far to suit me, and I told her so, but she merely laughed and squeezed my arm and said it wasn't every day that a good-looking *Americano* tried to pick her up. I couldn't believe that, either. She gave me a promising squeeze and I walked her down the street to where she worked.

"We've scared the WHAT out of you?"

Saves Businessman Money

"I am a business man. On several vacations I have been to Cuba and Mexico. I didn't know what anybody was saying. Had to depend on a guide, pay him twenty dollars per day. Now I will be able to take care of myself. I'll know what people are saying and save money." — R. Bankstron, Thomaston, Ga.

Italian Course Helps Career

"As a singer, I wished only to insure my accurate pronunciation of Italian and learn enough grammar to make translations of operatic roles. However, I became so interested in the beautiful Italian language that I have continued my study. It has been invaluable in my singing career." —Paula Brown, New York.

Opens Up New World

"A 'new world' has been opened for me. It has helped me win new friends and increased my self-confidence. I now have fun talking to different kinds of people. I am recommending Cortina to all my friends." — M. Malagisi, Liverpool, N. Y.

Records Make It Possible To Learn Without a Tutor

"The Course is interesting and records make it possible to learn that which would be most difficult without attending school or hiring a tutor."—Sally Steigleder, Pomona, N. J.

Learns Perfect Accent

"I'll always remember the day I sent for my Cortina Spanish course as one of the smart things I did. Now when Latin Americans come to the club to hear me and my orchestra, they comment on my correct accent and native pronunciation." — F. Harter, Chicago, Ill.

Learns Italian Easily

"The way Cortina Academy outlines it—a baby can learn Italian without any trouble. The course has helped me in a business way and socially. Now my Italian friends seem to be closer to me". F. Davis, Phila.

JUST LISTENING TO THIS

Free Record

Started Thousands Speaking

FRENCH OR SPANISH

RIGHT AWAY!

THOUSANDS of folks have found out how easy it is to learn a second language at home. Now YOU can, too — thanks to that amazing FREE offer. Simply mail the coupon below. A two-sided, non-breakable sample record PLUS a complete Sample Cortina Lesson will be rushed to you—BOTH FREE!

Sit back in a comfortable chair and just listen as your native instructor speaks to you on the record. Let your eyes follow the words in the Sample Lesson. At first the words are simple. Then your cultured-voiced instructor groups them into interesting phrases and sentences. Almost immediately — you start "chatting away" in a new language—*and with a perfect accent!*

You learn by listening—just as a child learns. You speak with a perfect accent—because that's all you hear. You can't go wrong.

Also:
RUSSIAN
GERMAN
ITALIAN
JAPANESE
BRAZILIAN-PORTUGUESE

Make More Money — Win New Friends — Get More Fun Out of Traveling

No wonder thousands of folks like you—some of them teachers, some who had already tried several other ways to learn a language—have learned a foreign language *this easy way.* Just a few excerpts from actual letters are shown on this page telling how quickly and easily they learned the language of their choice. And how much the knowledge of a new language has helped them in making more money — new friends — social and cultural contacts — and increased travel fun!

A Wonderful Time to Start

Now is the perfect time to learn a new language. American business abroad is booming; travel is running into billions. Well-paying, interesting jobs are open both here and overseas, for two-language Americans. And a second language makes your trip abroad twice as enjoyable, saves expenses, and makes interesting foreign friendships for you.

Mail Coupon for Free Record

There are no "strings" to Cortina's offer. But the offer may end soon. So you are advised to hurry. Simply mail coupon with 25¢ (coin or stamps) to help cover cost of special packaging, shipping. You will also get free information about the famous Cortina "Short-Cut" Method. No obligation.

CORTINA ACADEMY Dept 1821, 136 W. 52 Street New York 19, N. Y.

Head of School Praises French Course

"It is a pleasure to comment on the excellent French course. I had forgotten almost all my French and was delighted to see my progress. Your course is a remarkably easy and comprehensive one." — Blanche Moon, Director — Moon Secretarial School.

Makes New Friends Speaking German

"My knowledge of German through the Cortina Course has made me an immediate friend of most German people I meet. In my position it means a great deal. You would be surprised at the different fields it opens." — Donald G. Dugan, Dayton, Ohio

"Wonderful Investment"

"I have improved my Spanish a lot. It will help me on a trip to South America — in stores, busses, restaurants, etc. If at age 64 I learned thru the Cortina Method it should be easy for younger students. It's a wonderful investment."—C. Sweeney, New Orleans, La.

Learns Spanish in No Time at All

"I am a member of the Royal Canadian Navy. We often go to Latin countries. I feel that knowing their language will help me. I am French and it took me close to 5 years to learn English. But it took me hardly any time to learn Spanish, thanks to Cortina. J. Dubois, Esquinalt, Can.

Tries Other Courses — Decides on Cortina

"I tried other courses before I decided upon Cortina. Your records are clearer than those of any other language course that I have tried. The course is one of the best investments I have or will make." — Charlie Kellerman, Eliz., N.J.

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I was waiting at the back of the big room to see the foreman about a job. There was a hell of a lot more to making underwear than I'd imagined. The room was filled with girls and women, a few men, and the foreman.

On the floor below, the third, in the quarters of the S.G.S. Textile Printing Co., three people were treating a bolt of fabric in an oven. That's how it started. A man opened the firebox of the oven and there was an explosion. A jet of flame shot out, igniting the cloth in his hands, then leaped to the tables nearby—that did it.

The force of the blast rocked the building. It slammed against the bottoms of my feet like a whole slew of depth charges exploding at once. Then there was panic—the most God-awful, hideous panic I'd ever seen. Suddenly somebody yelled, *"Fire!"*

JUST that one word, *"Fire!"* It was screamed in Yiddish, Spanish, Italian—it all meant the same thing: clobber the next poor slob and get yourself killed trying to escape. That was all there was to it except that in the frenzy, smoke pouring up through the floor, a terrified horde of women tipped over the table behind me. Both the table and the women hit me simultaneously, and I spun sideways, knocked six ways from the ace of spades. I came up mad as hell, but the milling, screaming, battering horde was queued up at the door, and the room was aflame behind me. Carmen vanished—where, I couldn't tell. Everything was covered with smoke and long tongues of flame were beginning to seep through the floor. I kept backing away, trying desperately not to get caught up in the panic.

"Get the hell out of here—go anywhere—but get the hell away from this mob, Orr!"

"Everybody! Back to your tables!" the voice of the foreman rose above the din. For a second there seemed to be a dispersement of the crowd of hysterical women. Then a second blast finished any hope of a calm escape. For myself, the only real fear I knew was that of getting caught in another crush. Once, years before, I'd seen the results of a panic—the Coconut Grove fire in Boston. I was a kid then, but the memory lingered hideously.

I COULD see myself burned to a char—it wasn't hard, especially with the floor crackling beneath my feet and tons of thick, chocolate brown smoke pocked with flame, filling the room. The pandemonium was heightened as a woman, her dress ablaze, her hair spouting blue flame, ran screeching down the window aisle trying to swat herself.

"Stop!" I screamed. *"Don't run, you'll spread it!"*

She was a young woman, about thirty; her features were distorted with fear-crazed agony. I pulled off my jacket and threw it around her, pulling her to the floor. With my hands I kept patting her hair, but it came away in great, singed lumps. She was writhing on the floor, shrieking for God Almighty to put her out of her misery. He did. She suddenly went limp, coughed up a clot of blood and died.

Time went by—a lot of precious time. The Monarch company became a charnal house long before the fire engines started for us. Somebody broke a window with a chair then. I crawled out ahead of the stampede; crawling and hugging the wall facing, I watched impotently as three women hurtled from the fourth floor to the street. One of them, in panic, ran a knife across my back, but I was so numb with fright after twenty minutes of clinging to the ledge that I felt no pain there.

The rest of me howled, though. Smoke ravaged my lungs, eyes, brain; my hands were cut raw and burned through the outer layers of skin. My back and head were cut with flying glass as explosion after explosion knocked out the fourth floor windows. When the fire engines arrived, it was like watching yourself being lowered into a hole in the ground.

SUDDENLY my strength ebbed. The roar of the flames blunted the tiny screams flirting with the men on the ladder below. In the street men were spreading nets, but the men and women on the next floor kept jumping and missing. I vomited green bile that sizzled under my chin from the heat of the ledge. Nearby, a tongue of orange flame shot fifty feet out into space, enveloping a blackened figure plummeting down. The last thing I heard was a fireman shouting, *"Don't jump! We'll reach you in a second!"*

I didn't jump. Another blast knocked me off the ledge. For a long second I clung there, scrambling to get up again—then I was slipping and gone. My feet flailed air and a roaring whoosh of the inferno swallowed my outcry.

I had a moment in which I saw the street, saw the bodies lying in the gutter, and the fire engines and the cops and ambulances. The whole thing came into focus for a fraction of that eternal second.

Pull your legs up double, Orr! Try to sit! A whirl of crazed, terror-filled thoughts jammed through my brain. I suddenly hit something, but what it was I couldn't tell because everything went into a roaring black void. When I came to, a day later, I had clean sheets under me. Bellevue Hospital. I was one of the luckier casualties, God only knows why. A few fractured ribs, a few skin grafts to be made, and a headful of hair to be grown and I'd be whole again. The knife wound didn't amount to a hill of beans.

Twenty-four died. They died needlessly, because of panic the papers said, and you can believe it. But the miracle of the day, the *real* miracle, was that three of the women who leaped into the street without safety nets, survived. I came out minus a girl they never identified, and a burned pair of shoes. I was lucky. One man had shoes but no feet. ■

RED-SATIN GANG

(Continued from page 31)

asked. You got a record. I figure you can spot trouble faster than anybody else. And you can handle a shotgun—"

"How much you think we get, Silk, honey?" O'Leary called from the bed. He told her again: $200,000. More, if the tip was correct. The green-eyed brunette moaned ecstatically and rolled back, kicking both shapely legs straight up in the air. "Two hundred thou—"

She didn't finish it. Silk crossed the room and the flat of his hand flashed across her bottom.

"Told you to wear panties fifty times if I told you once, O'Leary! Get in your room and put 'em on!"

The girl sat on the bed rubbing her smarting posterior, tears of anger filling her lovely green eyes.

"I don't see why. It's hot," she pouted.

JOHN SILK pulled out a handkerchief and wiped the brunette's eyes. He poured six short hookers of whiskey as a tonic against nerves, slipped into his jacket and checked his watch.

"Girls, we put a lot of time in on this job. We pull it off right and we're on easy street." Then he kissed each of them, long and deep, and if there were any leaks in the ship of state they suddenly healed and the unique relationship was as good as ever. John Silk was eminently satisfied with the arrangement. They could sing, dance and love to his specifications. And, as of today, they could even rob banks for him. He planted himself before the bureau mirror and ran a comb through his curly black hair, a little startled by both his luck and incredibly good looks.

The run-through was smooth. King, O'Leary, Schultz and Pauling would move in fast, once he got past the teller. The burlap sacks were already in the buckboard, and there were enough of them to carry out a million dollars, if necessary. They'd drive out of town as if heading for the fair grounds—then double back around and head for the First Na-

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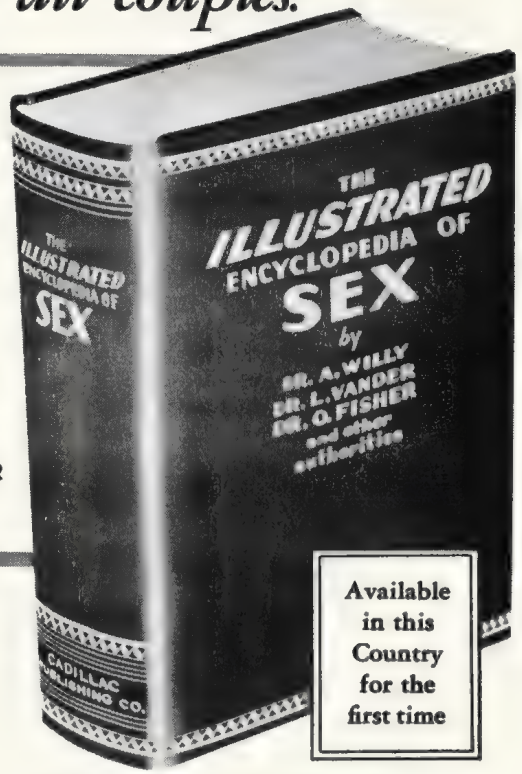

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tional Bank by way of Reed Street, the backside of town. They were ticketed to St. Louis and the *Bee* was the only paddler running so there wouldn't be a chase—not for at least a week, and by that time . . . Silk chuckled softly. A minute later, the colored boy knocked for the bags and loaded them on the buckboard.

"Remember, now," Silk repeated, slipping the gold piece in the negro's shirt. "We're moving on *tonight* to *where?*"

"Marysville," the porter repeated, beaming at the monumental tip. *"Yassir! You'all gwine tuh the Fair dere, sah!"*

"You got it right. Good boy."

SUDDENLY the melancholy blast from the stern paddler wafted up from the river. Silk went out first. The old man at the desk seemed surprised when he asked for the bill.

"Thought you was gonna entertain at the fair, Mister Silk."

"We are," he sighed. "Show business—feast or famine, y'know. Gotta be in Marysville, so we'll be taking off right after your fireworks."

The old man frowned. "I was hoping I'd catch your act, Mister Silk. Well, maybe next year." He shrugged. "You on before or after the speeches, Mister Silk?"

"After."

"That case," the old man chuckled, "may catch you after all—we got politicians in this town can talk the ears off a brass monkey—"

Handsome is as handsome does. Dashing John Silk felt a surge of professional pride as he spotted the streamer banners advertising the fair, but particularly advertising "a Fourth Special—John Silk's Red-Satin Five—in a special performance!" In the hot noonday sun, his black eyes alertly taking in everything in sight, Silk felt a measure of security in the knowledge that down to the most minute detail, things were right. The girls came out twirling scarlet parasols that matched their low-cut dresses and added just the right lady-like zest to their appearance. At 12:09 sharp they pulled away from the Albamarle Hotel. John Silk was satisfied.

PUFFING on a fresh cigar, the tall, lean, powerfully built young man in his late twenties whom an ebullient *Springfield Argus* theatre critic frivolously described as "a wild genius who can dance like a dervish and sing like a canary," drove his carriage down Main Street, Chain O'Rocks, Illinois. The street was deserted at the lower end of the business section. As he turned the corner to Town Place, the First National Bank appeared on his left. There was a buckboard outside, as he knew there would be, and the shades were drawn.

"What time is it, Ard?"

The brunette pulled out his watch. "Twelve thirteen, exactly." The buckboard rounded the corner. Rita Ard stiffened. "Sweetie, we've only got seventeen minutes left. *That boat won't wait—"*

"I've got $200,000 says it will," Silk chortled. He reined up abruptly, then pulled the buckboard close to the First National and leaped down. "Keep your eyes open and your gun ready, baby. Here goes the jackpot."

As he moved, Silk thought about it. *There aren't going to be any slip-ups, mister. The Bee is practically a charter job. Captain Binney gets his piece for the tip and the out. The hotel porter covers behind you. It's protected all around. No more one-night stands or hauling around the country broke, mister. It's in the bag. Bank examiner and two tellers behind the cages—propably the president himself will come to the door.*

HE looked back only once, a surge of pride welling in his chest as he smiled at his five devoted women. They were, he thought, almost as remarkable as himself. His mind kaleidoscoped to a warm Spring night sixteen months before when he'd gone in to see the show at Lipsik's Palace in St. Louis. They were dancing there, supposedly. They were an amorphous clambake, showing too much leg for their own good and hustling drinks as part of their deal with the house.

You took 'em out of all that, Silk, he thought proudly. *You beat the hell out of 'em shaping 'em up—their act is yours, their thinking, movement, emotions—yours.* The last thing he saw when he looked back was the double-barreled shotgun peeking out from the folds of Rita Ard's red dress. The team snorted in the silent street as Ard reined up and he rapped on the front door of the First National Bank. The second rap brought footsteps.

"Awful sorry, folks. Bank's closed. Fourth of July and besides, the bank examiner's here. Come back tomorrow—"

"I'd like to," Silk crooned softly, his hand filled with a gun, his right foot wedging firmly in the doorway. "But tomorrow's out of the question. Anyway, we're sort of examiners ourselves!"

THE .44 dug hard into the flabby midriff of the man, Tripp, mute in the doorway, his mouth open, and shaking like Bibi Schulz doing her specialty act. John Silk's voice lashed across the room as he spun Tripp around, shoving him before him.

"First one of you boys makes a move, the man gets it!" he snarled. *"Reach and keep reaching!"*

The examiner and two tellers complied. Silk held both .44's on the group, but kept Tripp conveniently near. It was childishly simple—fantastically simple! The actor-bandit yanked open the door behind him.

"Let's go, girls! Let's get rolling—*fast!"*

O'Leary, King, Pauling and Schulz tore into the bank on command. Tripp, unable to speak, suddenly clutched his heart and sagged against the railing leading to the tellers' windows. John Silk's basic humanity propelled him forward. It was an instinctive move; it was as though one of the Satins had missed her cue and he'd jumped in to fill the breach. The left gun rammed back into its holster. He lunged forward, grabbing the banker as the latter doubled up, gasping for breath. Titian-haired Bibi Schultz sprinted past him, pulling up her skirt. "Not enough bags to hold my cosmetics!" the long-legged girl rasped. John

MAN'S LIFE

"I didn't mean to hurt him."

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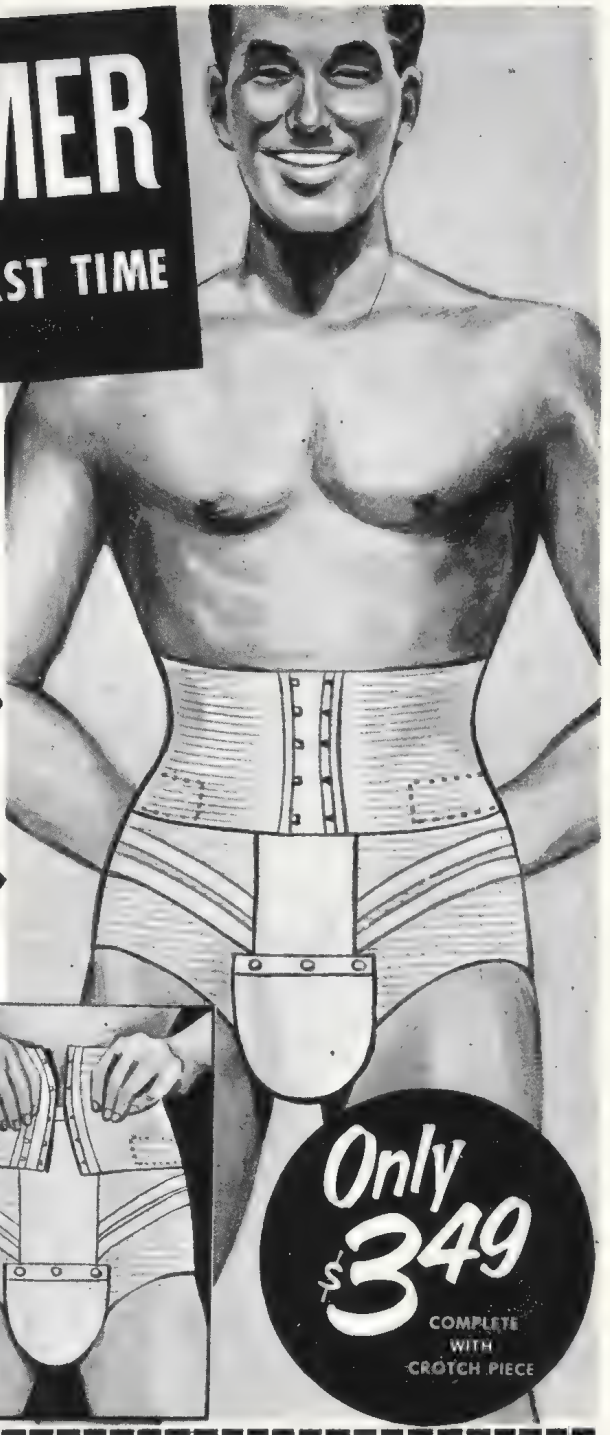

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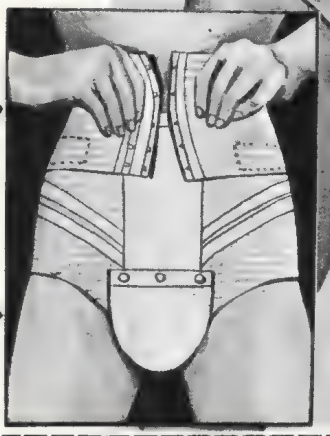

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Silk's sense of propriety was lost in a maze of fantastic confusion. Two hundred thousand dollars?

"There's three cages full of the stuff! Easy twice that—get it all. Get it any damned way you can—"

THE four Satins streaked behind the cages, tens, twenties, fifties spilling from their bosoms. The shapely leg that had won hundreds of shrill whistles across the country, suddenly filled out oak trees. Grabbing the greenbacks by the fist full, one leg propped up against the cage, she'd stuff the money into her stockings and when it overflowed, she'd repeat the trick with the other stocking.

"O'Leary! Baby, for God's sake go out there and tell Rita to empty one of the carpetbags—*hurry!*"

Silk put the banker on a desk. Outside, Rita Ard shouted there was only ten minutes to make it to the *Bee*. It was snowing greebacks as the four frantic Satins raced to the door, swelled out incongruously. Then Bibi Schultz stumbled over a metal suitcase, filled to the brim with twenties and fifties.

"Stop what you're doing," Silk ordered. "The four of you grab that crate and beat it!"

The bank examiner and the two tellers stood by helplessly as the plundering entered its last desperate moments. A ball of fear rammed up into Johnny Silk's belly as he heard the Shotgun wheel the buckboard around and scream, *"Somebody's coming, Silk! Do I shoot?"*

IN that second Silk took his eyes off the trio, his head swiveling toward the door—still timing it out, still not caring to kill unless forced to. But then he was forced to as the examiner snatched a Colt from the far drawer and brought it around, fanning the hammer fast. The second shot caught Silk in the ribs, bowling him back like a mule kicked him. He hit the floor, blood spurting from the hole above his gunbelt, rolling, his own piece spouting flame. The examiner clicked down on an empty chamber and in that moment choked on the rattling wad of blood spewing from his mouth.

In the street, Rita Ard held the shotgun at hip level. The man riding toward the bank, she didn't know him personally, but then she didn't have to. The point of his tin star bounced out from under a leather vest. He saw five girls tossing arms full of green into a buckboard and he slapped leather. He died before the gun cleared the holster, rolling in the dusty side street. The four Satins hauled John Silk to his feet and dragged him to the buckboard. Ard stood up, her breasts heaving defiantly.

"You bastards in there come out—come get us!" she screamed, seeing the blood staining John Silk's best shirt. The two tellers bunched up their courage as Ard, standing, a whip flashing, careened around the back of the bank toward the river. The buckboard bounced wildly down the gutted dirt road, Schultz and Marge O'Leary holding Silk's guns and the shotgun, ready for the first man that showed his face in pursuit. Pauling and King were stacking the money, shoving it into their costume bags and the overflow into their bosoms.

JOHN Silk opened his eyes and saw the blue sky over his head, but it was moving so fast he got dizzy and couldn't talk. The pain numbed one side of him and it locked the words in his throat and swaddled his thoughts in roaring corpuscles that danced across the back of his eyes like fireflies. Helen Pauling dropped a wad of bills as the buckboard suddenly hit a bump, lifting to the right, squealing and bouncing and righting itself in one continuous movement.

"He wants to say something!" Pauling screamed. "Slow down!"

"Slow down, hell, We've got less than a minute to make that boat!"

The road widened at Head Forks. Over the rimline of pines was the Missouri River. The superstructure of the *Bee*—the house and the big red-and-black funnel—showed clearly above the trees. Then the road dipped sharply right and downhill. John Silk stared at the redhead holding him in her arms. In his mind he thought he was telling her. *He thought he was saying you've got all the time in the world—another fifteen minutes. You girls take so much time primping up, I thought for sure we'd be late. Slow this crate down before you kill us, Rita!*

The concussion was like a dynamite blast he'd heard a few years before when his outfit, the 104th Pennsylvania, chopped a hole in Fort Briar and blew up an ammunition dump. It was like a sizzling hot slap in the face. He had a vague feeling that the buckboard was tumbling and then a long, sinking feeling as he *knew* it was. He had crazy visions of a half million greenbacks fluttering in the air and girls' legs, he couldn't tell how many legs but the ones he saw in his last moments were bare from the garters up and it made him mad.

IT was so damned funny Silk thought. When he stopped rolling he was in the river and so were the girls. The thing that made him laugh so much that he couldn't stop swallowing the river, was the sight of all the money floating downstream. He felt helpless, too, to touch the hand that he saw groping for him. The sound of the river communicated the garble of frenzied thrashing and shots and screams. He wanted desperately to come up—to see the face of the girl swimming near and yet so far from where he was sinking. It would've been nice to know, Silk thought, as the stygian blackness of the river bed rolled him softly, back and forth, to nowhere. It gave him a few moments of disembodied agony or frustration, he wasn't sure which. He knew he'd stopped rolling just as sure as he knew that the Red Satin Five had stopped too. It made him deeply sorry because the last reasoning piece of him knew how good it had been, feast or famine, even doing those lousy one night stands in a hundred Chain O'Rocks across the country—at least they were *something*. He couldn't think of three other men in the whole damned country who had it like he had it. Two blondes, two brunettes and a redhead! he laughed. Then he wasn't so sure whether it was two redheads and one brunette, but it didn't make a hell of a lot of difference, heeled or broke, because it was something special, all of it, even the one night stands. ■

ONE-MAN NAVY

(Continued from page 37)

officiated at regimental parties and where young Rebel girls danced all night.

DIRECTLY opposite the gunport in which he crouched was a square of light, his objective. He knew it instantly, for it was the only truly square pane of glass along the line of low ports. It was also the only place that offered quarters sumptuous enough for Confederate General Hebert. Now, ten long seconds after the sentry passed him, he slipped onto the catwalk and, hugging the shadows, darted toward the door with the square pane of glass. It opened abruptly and he ducked back against the wall, hugging it as three artillerymen strode out, talking softly and admiring the fine night.

"I wish that Yankee Cushing *would* come downriver with his blasted gunboat!" one of them said. "Dawggone fine shooting, I'll bet."

"And about time," the second man said. "This doin' nothin' is gettin' under my skin."

"I hear," the last man said quietly, "the Yankee Cushing is a durned fine soljer. Them prisoners we caught last week claim Cushing could steal this fort brick by brick and we'd never know it."

Lieutenant William Barker Cushing, commanding officer of the U.S.S. *Monticello*, smiled grimly. He'd come a long way, the hard way, and to hear such praise from men he'd never seen—much less fought against—pleased him immensely. Cushing made a mental note not to kill any of them; he amended this suddenly,

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At this moment, in Leading Universities, Scientists and Nutritionists and Medical Doctors are doing extensive work to determine the exact role that Royal Jelly may play in Your Sex Life, Your Health and Your Emotional Condition. These researchers are especially interested in its effects on those who have passed middle age. They are working on Royal Jelly because this rare NATURAL FOOD has been indicated to contain remarkable Energy and Sex Factors.

Doctor Paul Niehans, famous Swiss Surgeon and experimenter with Hormones says: "ROYAL JELLY is an activator of the glands"... Dr. Niehans discovered that many minor disabilities which bother millions of people such as tiredness, irritability, headaches, insomnia, physical and spiritual convulsions, were easy to treat with the Cellular Therapeutics of the Secretion of the bees which we call Royal Jelly.

Jenasol RJ Formula 60 contains pure, natural Wheat Germ Oil (Vitamin E)

Swallow one CONCENTRATED JENASOL RJ FORMULA 60 capsule daily. They combine 8 important and essential vitamins as well as the miracle food of the Queen Bee. This capsule dissolves instantly, releasing the super forces of Royal Jelly which go to work immediately and reenforce and healthfully strengthens your own natural functions which may have become deficient.

Effects can be felt more quickly with the double potency SUPER-STRENGTH FORMULA—but satisfactory results are MONEY BACK GUARANTEED with either formula. (The price of ROYAL JELLY has been recently quoted at $500.00 per ounce.)

ROYAL JELLY Wins Approval Before Congress* of 5,000 Doctors

The men of Medical Science who have experimented with Royal Jelly, claim that Royal Jelly will perform the function of INCREASING MEN & WOMEN'S WANING POWERS.

Jenasol R. J. Formula 60, in the opinion of these reputable physicians removes any possible danger for the layman in the use of these powerful, concentrated nutritional extracts. This is the latest and possibly the greatest advance in the history of Medical Science. This combination, created under the strict supervision of a Registered, Licensed Pharmacist, and Medical Doctor, named "Jenasol R. J. Formula 60," makes the use of these amazing elements perfectly safe.

Every man and woman who feels "old" and "played out" before their time should seriously consider the use of "Jenasol R. J. Formula 60" to increase their pep and energy.

Royal Jelly Reported to Help Those Suffering From:

Mental Depression... Loss of Appetite... Sexual Weakness... Digestive Disturbances Headaches... Decreased Vigor... Nervousness... Aches and Pains... Irritability.

MEDICAL RESEARCH

We have listed below some of the extensive Medical and Laboratory research that has been done with Royal Jelly:

Many authorities still dispute the efficacy of Royal Jelly while others consider it a potential Boon to Mankind.

- *Dr. de Pomiade, 2nd International Congress of Biogenetics, Baden-Baden, Germany; April 5, 1956.
- Dr. Maurice Mathias, Pasteur Institute of Tunisia, October, 1952.
- Cowdry's Problem of Aging, Thomas S. Gardner. (Reprinted from Journal of Gerontology, Vol. 8, No. 3, July, 1953.)
- Analyses of Royal Jelly and Pollen, Nevin Weaver and Kenneth A. Kuiken (Technical Contribution, No. 1485 Texas Agricultural Experiment Station.)
- Longevity Factors in Royal Jelly, Thomas S. Gardner. (Reprinted from Journal of Gerontology, Vol. 3, No. 1, January, 1948.)

We make no claims for ROYAL JELLY. We have merely accumulated reports that have been made as a result of experimentation and research by Doctors, Scientists and Nutritionists in many parts of the world.

LEADING MEDICAL AUTHORITIES IN ENGLAND, FRANCE AND GERMANY: Attest that ROYAL JELLY is one of the richest Natural sources in the treatment of vitamin and nutritional deficiencies...that hogs and guinea pigs fed with Royal Jelly live 20 to 30% longer...chickens fed with Royal Jelly double their egg output.

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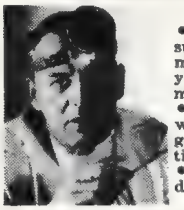
Offices in: Canada, Germany, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, Haiti, Cuba, Japan.

SEAL OF APPROVAL CONTENTS CERTIFIED FOR POTENCY AND QUALITY

Observations by Doctors of the Medical Congress Who Took Royal Jelly and Observed its Use Directly



- Royal Jelly alleviates suffering of men and women in their critical years in a sensational manner.
- Royal Jelly acts on weakened, tired eyes, giving instantly a sensation of new light.
- Feeling of tiredness disappears immediately.
- Royal Jelly gives a feeling of increased sexual drive and energy, especially to men and women over 40.
- Glandular studies may lead to new hope for men and women.
- Royal Jelly produces a pleasing state of relaxed well-being and eases tension.

DISCOVERER OF INSULIN
Dr. Frederick Banting

"The most complete Scientific Report on Royal Jelly was prepared under the direction of Dr. Frederick Banting.

"TEXAS A & M COLLEGE has been conducting experiments on Royal Jelly..."

"PROFESSOR G. F. TOWNSEND of ONTARIO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE is resuming research on Royal Jelly..."

"DR. T. H. McGAVACK has agreed to conduct experiments in Longevity with human beings fed Royal Jelly..."

Life May Begin Again After 40 as Queen Bee's Natural Food Rebuilds Man's Vitality and Drive

Royal Jelly is totally unlike honey, and has baffled scientists since the 1700's. In 1894, some of the mystery was dispelled when Leonard Bordas, a French scientist, discovered that Royal Jelly is secreted by special glands located in the heads of worker bees whose job is to nurse the Queen.

Intrigued by the strange longevity and extraordinary sexual powers of the Queen Bee, leading scientists have been trying to discover the Secret Factor in Royal Jelly that so benefits the Queen Bee.

It is not surprising that Royal Jelly has attracted Medical Attention throughout the world... Here is the substance, the sole diet of the Queen Bee in which lies the secret of the difference between her and the rest of the hive. For the Queen lives to 6 years, whereas the 20 to 40 thousand worker bees and the few hundred drones live but a few short months. The Queen Bee larva looks like all the rest, including those of the female worker bees. But only SHE is fertile, producing some 400,000 eggs annually.

Her food is ROYAL JELLY, secreted from the glands of the worker bees. The ingredients are nectar and pollen, plus honey, combined in a mysterious way by Nature to make up the "miracle food" ROYAL JELLY...

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Two years ago, the world-famous French Nutrition Expert, Bernard Desouches wrote a book praising Royal Jelly as a Life Prolonger and Extraordinary Stimulator of Sexual Virility of the Queen Bee. At present, Doctors and Scientists from many countries in the world, say that Royal Jelly has proved to be a potent factor in matters relating to sexual virility and size and growth of animals.

Here Are Some of the Symptoms of Approaching Old Age which Make Men and Women over 40 feel devitalized and "played out" before their time:

● "Human Dynamos" slow down amazingly ● Dizziness ● Weak feeling ● Vague aches and pains ● Listless, "don't care attitude" ● Lacks recuperating power ● Fatigues easily ● Fails to get rest from sleep ● Sexual weakness ● Loss of mental efficiency and ability ● Unable to make simple decisions.

The Bosl Laboratories of Europe gave the Doctors of the 2nd International Congress of Biogenetics a great surprise when they confessed that their famous Medical Cream for the skin was prepared with Royal Jelly. The Doctors all knew that with this cream sagging breasts were raised and mamary glands of women were activated.

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ALL ORDERS RUSHED TO YOU IN PLAIN WRAPPER

however, when one of them came too close to his gunport.

CROUCHED beside the cool brass barrel of the cannon, his body half in and half out of the port, William Barker Cushing—Abe Lincoln's one-man navy—waited calmly for death. His or theirs, it made no difference to the wild-eyed young man from Freedonia, New York. He was twenty-one, and by his own standard of longevity any Cushing of twenty-one had crammed in enough life so that the sudden loss of same would not have left him wanting for much. It was this way in William Barker Cushing's life for sure, the naval guerrilla smiled inwardly. He gripped the knife tightly as the soldier stood before his gunport, taking a match to a corncob pipe . . .

But the match went out and the three Rebel soldiers and the sentries, continued on their way obliviously. The Union's foremost guerrilla snaked along the rampart, opened the door and moved stealthily along the wall as he made for the commanding officer's quarters.

Bursting into the room, his bowie knife held close and low, William Cushing found himself alone—completely, absurdly alone. It didn't seem right having come all this way to demoralize the Confederates, not coming away with at least *one* hostage. He gave it some thought, briefly, as he borrowed the CO's pen and wrote a note which he carefully deposited on General Hebert's pillow:

"Dear Sir: I deeply regret that you were not home when I called . . . Very Respectfully, W.B. Cushing, US Navy."

Ten minutes later Cushing did find a hostage, a terrified young captain whom he awakened by lightly stroking his bowie knife across the sleeper's Adam's apple. The man didn't lunge and Cushing didn't exercise an enemy's prerogative. The captain fainted when Cushing, cavalierly, bowed at the waist and introduced himself. "Bad night all around, I fear. Sorry I alarmed you."

Eluding sentries was like breathing to young W.B. Cushing. In the morning he was back on his ship, chuckling over an adventure that unquestionably demoralized the enemy as much, if not more, than if he had ungallantly taken a life.

LIEUTENANT WILLIAM CUSHING, USN, had come up the line from Annapolis to commanding officer of Lincoln's guerrillas in two short but not uneventful years. Actually, Cushing—a "hell raiser and riotous liver" —never did graduate from the Naval Academy. A few months before the outbreak of the Civil War, Cushing was nailed to the post with a staggering 174 demerits and dismissed from the school "for everybody's good." Among his sundry offenses was the importation of whiskey and rowdy women to the hallowed halls —something that no midshipman before or after ever managed to accomplish.

The outbreak of the war found Will, the irrepressible, volunteering in the United States Navy despite his disappointment in having failed to graduate. His first service was aboard the USS *Minnesota* where he served in the nation's first amphibious landing at Fort Hatteras. He also managed to challenge his immediate superior to a pistol duel during that time; the latter (according to the rules of the then navy) exercised a privilege and declined the fight. His first command, though temporary, was aboard the prize contraband runner *Cambridge*. He put down a mutiny and fought a brief winning battle with the North Atlantic to become, in the opinion of Secretary of the Navy Gideon Welles, " a promising officer."

AT the age of twenty, Cushing, youngest Executive Officer in the Navy, was second in command of the frigate *Perry*. The *Perry* was an "invasion" commander during the ill-fated Norfolk campaign which cost more Union lives than it was worth, but it was, nevertheless, the campaign that made Cushing's name known to President Lincoln.

On October 3, 1863, the *Perry*, *Hunchback* and *Whitehead* carrying two hundred poorly trained recruits from Fort Dix, made the unhappy mistake of attacking Plymouth, Virginia. The Union amphibs streamed ashore into a deadly crossfire from Confederate riflemen and howitzer marksmen. In less than fifteen minutes only the landing boat crews remained alive. Cushing, brandishing a Navy pistol, stood on a longboat bow and bellowed for attention:

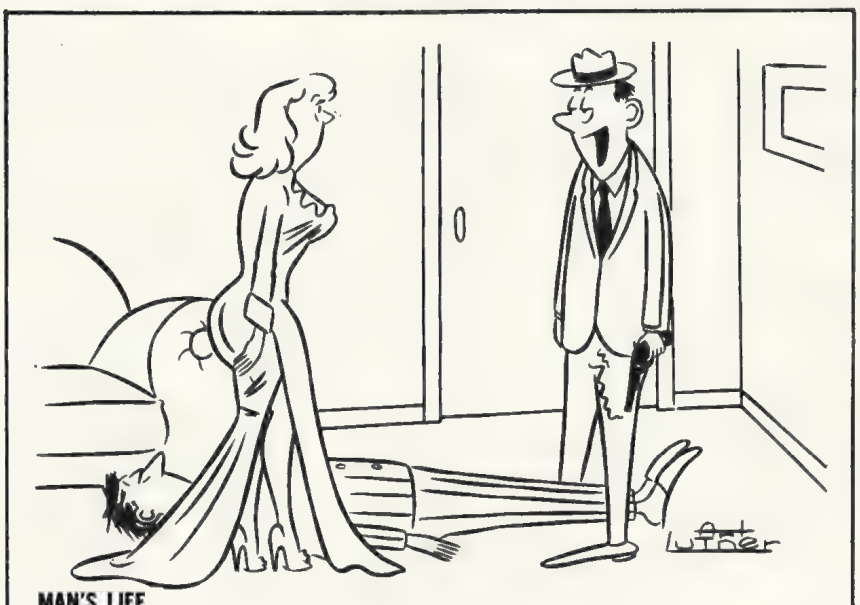
"If there's a redblooded man that hears my voice, let him follow me. I spit on the man who hears me and hides his face!"

Six volunteers jumped into the longboat and pulled it into the shore. The Rebels were racing down to the beach as Cushing and his men unloaded a single howitzer. Suddenly a barrage of shells landed in their midst. Cushing fell, a flesh wound in his side. The mud bank exploded about the suicide corps and as Cushing slowly retreated from the world of nothingness, he gasped at a Confederate charge that was less than thirty yards away. He deliberately pulled up his pistol and checked fire —then, finally, when he found a target, the fun misfired.

CUSHING stood up, his feet planted in the mud, determined to catch the Confederate officer's saber with his bare hands. The daring young man from Freedonia might have been written into the books as a martyr, but a grizzled sailor from the *Hunchback* saved his skin. Just as the Rebel was to plunge the saber into Cushing's belly, a musket went off behind him. A man leaning up on one elbow, a trickle of blood rushing from his lips, smiled at the commander of the suicide brigade.

"Mighty close one, sir," the sailor winked.

Cushing winked back. He fired the howitzer single-handed and stemmed the attack long enough to haul the still-living volunteers back to his ship. It was a moment that burned deep in William Cushing's memory. "I owe my life," he wrote in his diary, "to a man I never knew, and I am grateful to be alive today. I will never again look down my nose at the or-



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LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE

dinary seaman. God knows I wouldn't even have a *nose* had it not been for that fine fellow . . ."

ON October 18, the brash young lieutenant engaged in his first solo offensive. Scouting the Rebel brickworks at Wilmington, Cushing saved a good many Union lives by accurately charting the Confederate defenses. Walking through the city and making a mental note of everything he saw, the Yankee naval officer took time off, briefly, to spend a few hours romancing a Confederate belle. The lady's name is lost to history, but Cushing a prodigous writer, gloatingly noted, "I captured her heart in jig time . . . and soon after we spent a halycon afternoon in the privacy of her chambers. Southern women exude a passion uncommonly violent. I'd like to meet her again when there is more time to discover the fruits—of which she has plenty!"

The amphibious raid on Wilmington came off without a hitch. Cushing's notes accurately described the brickwork, the waterworks, the railroad yards. A force of thirty-five Union sailors went ashore and smashed the town so suddenly that not a man was lost and the entire raiding party escaped before a Confederate troop could be assembled to smash back.

Cushing's reputation as an incomparable fighter came with the unexpected command of the gunboat *Ellis*. Cornered by five Confederate ironclads, Cushing and a small, desperate crew fought their ship down to the waterline before swimming through a hail of lead and fire to safety. His reputation was made. A few days before his twenty-first birthday, Cushing was gifted with the command of the *Commodore Barney*, a 512-ton man o'war with a battery of five 100-pounders, a 100-pound Parrot rifle and a twelve-pound howitzer. She carried thriteen officers and a crew of 125 men. On April 13th, opposing a superior Conufederate force, Cushing fought *Barney* down to the waterline, but managed to keep her from falling into Rebel hands. Most of his crew was dead and his ship was a derelict, virtually, but it did not go down.

Another notch was added to Cushing's restless gun.

IN the fall of 1864 Cushing conceived and carried through the plan to torpedo the Confederate dreadnought, *Albemarle*. At the time, the enemy's most formidable warship, the *Mighty A*, so dubbed by her admiring crew because of her record of Federal kills and her apparent invincibility in critical situations, was lying at Plymouth, North Carolina, some eight miles up the Roanoke River.

To expedite his bold plan, he talked a Navy shipyard out of two thirty-foot, open launches, and proceeded to fit them out with small engines and screw propellers. The main armament of Cushing's flagship was a twelve-pound howitzer, behind which was a boom of fourteen feet, "swinging by a goose-neck hinge to the bluff of the bow . . ." To rig out his torpedo, a topping lift, fitted to an inboard stanchion, neatly raised or lowered it as the need demanded. The torpedo was fitted to an iron slide at the end, a complicated arrangement, but a brilliant device it was proved.

It took quite a bit of time, several weeks, actually, to make Cushing's punishment fit the crime—*getting the torpedo to work*. Towed from the boom by means of a jigger-heel leading inboard (and to be exploded by another line), the Rube Goldbergian device was connected to the firing line by a link pin, which held a grape shot, which was finally contained over a nipple and cap. Having a limited number of these monstrosities, they graciously accepted the word of torpedo-engineer Lay that his diabolical scheme would work. They then loaded provisions and headed south through the canals to Chesapeake Bay. At Norfolk a storm claimed fifty percent of their fleet, whereupon Cushing (there were seven other sailors present) and crew doubled up and continued their run.

BUT they were far from being out of the woods. Midway through the Chesapeake and Albemarle canal, passage was blocked by a glut of sunken debris. Undaunted, they hauled their vessel out of the water, carrying it and its equipment several miles downstream, where they again re-rigged and put the launch back in the water. Two days later they began a thirty mile run through Rebel territory to the sound, which they reached after surviving a gale that pushed them to Roanoke Island.

Fifty miles upsound, the doughty crew of Cushing's warship spotted the Union fleet anchored off the mouth of the Roanoke River. The fleet was hoping for an engagement with the ram, *Albemarle*. "For the first time," Cushing wrote, "I disclosed to my men and officers our object and told them they were at liberty to go or not, as they pleased . . ."

Thus, having suffered an excess of difficulties, the seven men voted on it—*seven voted to go* with Lieut. Cushing. It was asked, reasonably or maybe a little swaggeringly, *how bad could the damned Albemarle be after the siege they'd just been through?* Lincoln's young commando didn't care to minimize the danger. Beneath the mantle of rugged military man was another man fretful for the safety of his crew and for the ultimate success of their mission.

If mere speculation on an engagement with *Albemarle* had tied up the whole Yankee fleet, what chance did a crew of maniacs have? *Albemarle* was securely shielded in mooring at Plymouth, eight miles down river—a river that was 150 yards at its widest, and guarded by a succession of forts and a mid-stream guard. In a strategic position was *Southfield*, only her hurricane deck showing, aboard which was a rotating guard. The first sign of trouble brought a rocket explosion overhead. Several thousand Rebel troops were stationed on both banks and in the forts—one rocket evoked a spontaneous hail of fire, concentrated in a heaping dosage and invariably fatal. The Yankee fleet had learned the facts of life the hard way, and Admiral Porter had no intention of killing more men in a foolhardy attempt to sink the impossible.

IN the case of volunteers, however, the Admiral was tractable. He gave Cushing thirteen tough sailors, a supply of cutlasses, revolvers and grenades, and wished them well. It wasn't much against the resources of a huge garrison and an infinity of firepower, Cushing knew, but the dye was cast and he had a play to make. "Impossibilities are for the timid," he wrote. "We were determined to overcome all obstacles. On the night of October 27th we entered the river, taking in tow a small cutter and the new men. Their job was to dash aboard the *Southfield* and silence the guard before anybody fired a rocket."

Under cover of a moonless night, the torpedo boat and cutter moved downstream the full eight miles. A few hundred yards from the first fort, the Yankees saw the low outline of the wreck. The motor was cut. At the helm of the torpedo boat Cushing sucked in his breath and held steady amidstream, passing the pickets at *thirty feet* but without discovery.

"Let's board her!" Cushing hissed. "I know the town—we can land below at the wharf and come aboard from the bank!

"You mean *not* blow her up? Lieutenant, there's a thousand men aboard that ship! How can we take her?"

"I don't know how," Cushing snapped. "But we sure as hell can try. You men with me?"

Muffled affirmatives sounded in the two boats. Cushing felt a righteousness in his insane scheme—how far does the element of surprise go? Cushing wondered.

BUT he didn't wonder very much longer. Shearing off from the open stream to the town wharf, the two open boats with navy men crouched tensely under the gunnels, passed in the shadow of the mountainous ironclad. Suddenly the silence was broken—*once, twice,* as an enemy picket challenged them from the *Albemarle*. A Confederate officer

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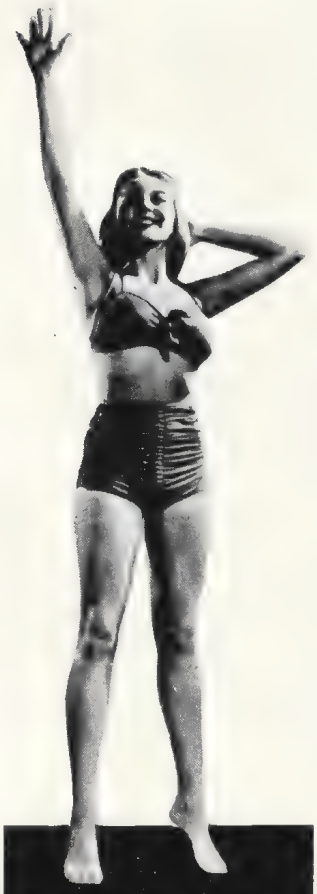

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Arms
Thighs
Legs
Hips
Calves

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3. Special Iron (From Ferrous Sulfate) . . . Helps correct iron deficiency anemia, which makes you feel tired, listless, and run down. Helps rich, red blood for added pep, and energy too.

4. Stimulating B-1 . . . Two average doses of Concentrated *Vitatone* contain four times the minimum daily requirement of Vitamin B-1 . . . An appetite building vitamin that increases your desire for food . . . helps you relish your meals, and look forward to dinnertime with happy anticipation.

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PROOF POSITIVE

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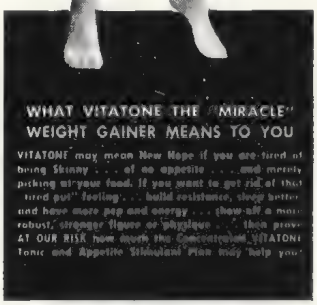
DOCTORS WRITE ON LETTERHEAD FOR CLINICAL SAMPLE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VITATONE may mean New Hope if you are tired of being Skinny . . . of no appetite . . . and merely picking at your food. If you want to get rid of that "tired out" feeling . . . build resistance, sleep better and have more pep and energy . . . show off a more robust, stronger figure or physique . . . then prove AT OUR RISK how much the Concentrated VITATONE Tonic and Appetite Stimulant Plan may help you.

UNDERWEIGHT IS NOT HEALTHY . . . HELP YOURSELF TODAY . . . DON'T STAY SKINNY!

Your doctor may have been warning you that your underweight condition can lead to fatigue, loss of sleep and low resistance. Your doctor may also tell you that underweight can make you embarrassed, sensitive and ashamed . . . That you may be feeling "gawky" and ill at ease, because you are so thin.

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ALL ORDERS RUSHED IN PLAIN WRAPPER

screamed down, *"Yankees! All guns bend down—Commence firing!"*

Howarth, the stern line man, cast off the cutter which streaked toward the rear guard, firing for all it was worth. In that instant the ram opened a salvo on the onrushing torpedo boat; the forts blazoned light of bonfires and soldiers running along the shores began popping off their rifles. The *Albemarle,* most sought prize of the Civil War, lay dead ahead, surrounded by a circle of logs boomed completely around her and out from her sides. Cushing hitched up full speed and ran along closeby the mammoth iron hull, looking for for a hole, but at the same time taking the concentrated fire of hundreds of guns. Three of his men died instantly. He swung the launch away from the logs and raced out, heeling sharply at a hundred yards for the purpose of hitting the boom squarely at right angles and hoping that the slime on the logs would permit the launch to jump the boom! Once inside Cushing's launch couldn't possibly get out again.

"Down flat!" he rasped. "Here goes—lower the torpedo, men!"

A charge of buckshot crackled from the ironclad's deck, ripping the back out of Cushing's coat. He felt blood draining into his pants, then a stab of pain as a load of grape carried away the *sole* of his right shoe. One fraction of a moment was without firing. It came then, seconds before the launch vaulted the boom.

"This is the captain!" a man shouted in the darkness above. *"Who the hell are you—what boat are you?"*

John Howarth yelled back: "We're Mr. Lincoln's commandos, you fatheaded sonuva——!"

THE others shouted too, but Cushing was too busy to hear anything but the splintering cracking of their launch as it leaped from the river and cleared the boom. The ram, *Albemarle,* was fifty yards inside its protective, supposedly impregnable ring of logs. Cushing headed straight for the *Mighty A,* screaming to Howarth and Lay to lower the torpedo boom. The forward motion of the launch carried the torpedo under the flared overhang of the great, black ram.

"Cushing! Pull the detaching-line!"

At ten feet, a Rebel cannon belched flame and grape into the speeding launch. Cushing fired the torpedo. The impact of a hundred pounds of grape fired at point-blank range was almost as concussive as the swelling roar of Lay's magnificent invention. A mountain of water crashed down on the launch. Above him Cushing saw a sheet of yellow flame sear upward the full length of the *Albemarle,* but he couldn't see after that because one of their bullets chunked into his hand and at the same time his launch capsized. Vaguely conscious, Cushing wedged himself on the log boom and as a second wave descended, he heard the breaking up noise in the ram and more explosions and he dove under, ignoring his wounds and the spraying salvos from shore to swim away into the channel and drift onto a piece of debris and lose consciousness.

THE sole escapee, William Cushing, emerged from the reeds four days later, more dead than alive. He was a walking container of Rebel gunshot when a young Negro found him and helped to return him to Yankee lines. The Negro told Cushing that there wasn't an *Albemarle* any more that it was a gutted wreck, lying at the bottom of the river within the splinters of a great, broken boom. His friends were caught and imprisoned, but even in the bitterness of sudden shattering defeat, Lay, Harwarth and Meller were treated with great respect for their courage and the incredible feat in which they participated.

Later, they heard that Cushing was alive and that a grateful nation had asked its Congress to publicly acclaim him, as well as themselves, for an act of inconceivable heroism . . . for, to use the words of the *Albemarle's* own captain, "the most gallant thing that was done during the war . . ."

Cushing, the irrepressible, was promoted to lieutenant commander at the age of twenty-two, and given a formal vote of thanks from Congress. Much later, Cushing collected $53,000 as his share of the spoils for the torpedoing of the ironclad. After the war, Cushing ascended to the position of Executive Officer, Washington Navy Yard.

On January 8, 1875 Cushing succumbed from a brain ailment. Lincoln's one-man navy, the prototype guerrilla and unquestionably the man who *shortened* the Civil War by a good running year, had the belated satisfaction in death of being buried at Bluff Point, Naval Academy Cemetery. He'd finally graduated . . . and a grateful Union mourned his passing. ■

"I want to mix paint. Can you direct your skill toward making me a stick?"

WILD WEEKEND

(Continued from page 35)

Jimmy—— staunchly declined offers of bed, but when his stomach backfired and he literally fainted from malnutrition, he awoke in his motel room surrounded by a number of doting women.

First plying the kid with food, then with booze, the conversation gravitated. Giggling like sixteen-year-olds, a couple of dowagers offered Jimmy "health and welfare money" if he'd scrap his principles and "be kind to us." A blousy brunette won Jimmy's attentions after turning over $200. For Jimmy's "health and welfare."

Along the line, Jimmy parlayed this to $600 and someone, doubtlesss one of the losers, reported the whole sordid business to the New Orleans police.

"Prostitution," was a magistrate's verdict. However, the kid had no rec-

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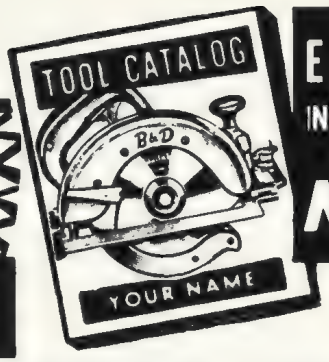

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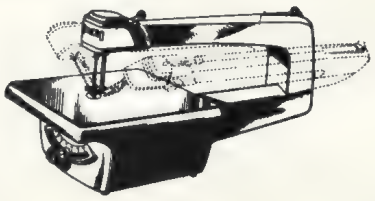

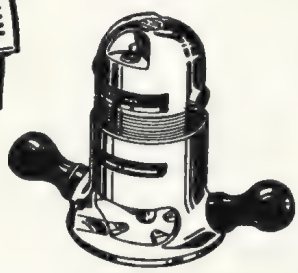

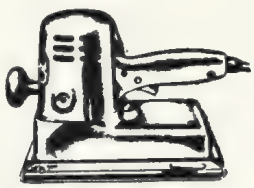

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ord and explained the circumstances under which he'd labored. "This stinks to high heaven, and I'd put you in the can—all of you, but I don't want to dignify this stupid amorality further—"

ALL types, sizes and sexual appetites ride the interstate lines, and a few are normal gals looking for company.

There's no denying that a guy can get on a bus, meet a nice girl and shape himself the romance of a lifetime. Buses are generally stocked with an abundance of vacationing secretaries, salesgirls and college girls who, while short on cash, most of them, have the standard endowment in the physical department.

"I guess I know just about every justice-of-the-peace and marriage regulation on the West Coast," Vern ——, another million-mile veteran told us recently. "In twenty years of driving the highways, I've played Cupid to plenty!"

The type of woman that gets on Vern's nerves is typified in the forties, sexy divorcee who flashes a bankroll and buys her attention. And there are many of them. "Repeaters," Vern calls them.

"Mrs. T——," Vern indicated a swivel-hipped graying brunette, "is practically a stockholder on the line. Whenever she gets bored she takes a ride and invariably comes up with a new guy. Oversexed dames don't give a rap about the competition," Vern concluded. "They're big tippers and they buy themselves seats beside the best looking men . . ."

FANTASTIC? To be sure, but nonetheless true. At a St. Augustine motel not long ago, a vacationing newspaper reporter, Paul ——, of New York, "put in one of the wildest nightmares of my career" researching the conduct of women passengers on an East coast bus.

"Making love on a bus cramps my style," Paul grins. "So I told them we've got a few days in Florida—let's make the most of it. I never thought those dames would take me seriously!"

ONE of eight men among forty women, Paul's room was centrally located at the far end of a court—centrally, that is, to the constant parade of nightcrawlers who besieged his quarters. A man of normal capacity, Paul ran out of gas after two nights. The majority of his callers, in their thirties to fifties, were teachers and secretaries on their first Florida vacation. And all of them disillusioned.

"It was Honolulu during the war all over again—only in reverse!" Paul avers. "Like a chow line—"

There's little subtlety and no finesse to women who, finding themselves in an appalling majority for the duration of a tour, are determined to have a good time come hell or high water. In Paul's case, a "determined" blonde was in his room when he returned from the trip to the desk, following his complaint of a stolen key.

It may be flattering for a guy to find himself in a harem, and doubtless it's fun. But after a while the laughs wear thin and a lot of animalistic, pathetic dames become a colossal nuisance. And downright exhausting. So it is on the busline beat.

Aside from the moral degradation and the overall lack of morality, the canned tours down the highways and byways of the nation scarcely live up to the brochures. You may, as the man said, "see more and the driver 'sees' nothing," but by the time it's all over you'll be ready for a real vacation. In a rest home, probably. ■

FABULOUS MADAM

(Continued from page 23)

her fingers. She held the sharp edge of the blade gently against an artery in one of her wrists, planning to let her lifeblood leak out and turn the water in the tub pink while she luxuriated comfortably in its warmth—a gentle and painless way to die.

And then, as she poised the razor blade against an artery in her wrist, Gerta hesitated, and she wondered before she brought herself to make the cutting stroke, if there was any way she could beat the Gestapo, hold on to the bagnio she operated—one of Berlin's most noted vice dens in the late twenties and early thirties—and to the fortune she had secreted in anonymously numbered bank accounts in Switzerland. What a pity it would be, Gerta admitted to herself, looking down at her own nude form, if one of the most beautiful bodies the world has ever known was to go down the drain.

GERTA SCHNABEL—*Gerta, the Untouchable,* as she later came to be known—one of Berlin's most notorious madams of the late twenties and early thirties, got her start in life as the daughter of a respectable Dusseldorf meat merchant. Gerta was struck early with theatrical ambitions, and she used to sit as a small girl in the back room of her father's little butcher shop in Dusseldorf on a low round stool before the sausage-making machine, feeding it scraps of pork and bone and gristle (and sometimes sawdust) with one hand while she turned the crank with the other, forcing the blood-soaked end-product into the sheeps' guts that encased it.

Gerta's thoughts, however, were not with the long pendulous soggy whip turned out by her machine that would soon be hanging in long coils in the window of her father's butcher shop. No, she was thinking of the puppet show she had seen, or the lusty, storm-and-thunder, gut-busting opera her big brother, Kugel, had promised to take her to. And Gerta dreamed theatrical dreams, herself on the stage, declaiming the immortal lines of the poets, the thunder of applause in her ears, her young male admirers clamoring to be close to her, to touch her, or waiting at the stage door for Gerta to make her grand exit.

GERTA had matured early. At thirteen, she looked like a girl of twenty-one, and already drew the propositions that a girl of twenty-one gets. Gerta drove men to distraction by not seeming to know what they were talking about or were after. Although, in spite of her seeming innocence, Gerta seemed to get what she wanted out of the men who were attracted to her.

Perhaps typical was Herr Franz Knipel, the school master at the *gymnasium* (the German equivalent of our high school), who thought Gerta needed some private after-hours tutoring.

"Fraulein Schnabel," the good school master said one day as he patted Gerta fondly on the cheeks, "what you need is a little drill in *mathematica.* Will you be coming to my house this evening for some private lessons?"

"Ja, Herr School Meister," Gerta said, blushing innocently and prettily as she made a little curtsy. "I will bring my books and lessons and all the equipment I need."

"Ja," said Herr Knipel, transported to a dream world of anticipation.

When Gerta showed up at the school master's apartment that night for lessons, her father, the lines in his hands filled with the dried blood that is the trademark of the butcher, his hard-looking, close-cropped skull indicating that he was a man who did not tolerate any funny business, came along to supervise the session. Needless to say, Gerta got her A in *mathematica,* and the schoolmaster had an uncomfortable evening.

WHEN Gerta was eighteen and completely matured into the beautiful woman that Berlin vice aficionados were to reminisce nostalgically about for decades after, she cleaned her father's savings out of the hiding place he kept them in—a porcelain stein in the exact size and shape of a lady's leg. As a younger man, Herr Schnabel had often proved his boast that he could empty that leg-shaped stein of its beer in one swallow. Now it became Gerta's turn to empty it—of all the marks it contained.

With her paper bankroll firmly safety-pinned to various strategic portions of her undergarments, Gerta made her way to Paris in an effort to

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break into the theatre. She soon got mixed up with a French promoter, one Andre Delbec, probably the first and last and only man to get more out of Gerta than she was prepared to give. Delbec put Gerta in the cast of a play he was producing in a small Pigalle theatre, made her his mistress, and then scrammed for the Riviera with what was left of Gerta's bankroll, the box-office receipts, and the ingenue.

Gerta earned her bread in Paris the only way a girl can who has no special skills or training, walking the streets and working the bars. When she had enough of a roll put together, she bought a ticket on the train to Berlin, then the vice capital of the world.

Things were rough in Berlin in the depression days of 1929-30. Gerta found the German capital crawling with girls on the make, and the competition was stiff.

"What a girl needs," Gerta was told by one of her fellow toilers at a street walkers' kaffeeklatsch, "is something special that will excite the men. Attract them to you. Otherwise you're just another one of fifty thousand girls trying to make the rent money in the Alexanderplatz."

Gerta nodded her head in solemn agreement. For she had already figured that she needed an extra-special gimmick to bring her share of the customers in. Gerta decided to put her theatrical training to work, figuring the odd presentation she had in mind would appeal to even the most peculiar of German tastes—and Berlin men at that time were known for some odd ones.

GERTA took a low rent store just off Alexanderplatz, Berlin's headquarters for sin, and there every night began to give dramatic readings from Shakespeare in scanty black lace that left little to the imagination.

"Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen," Gerta would declaim from the bare stage, her body outlined by the one spotlight that left her fascinated audience in darkness,

"Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties. . . ."

As soon as Gerta sensed that she had her all male audience on the edges of their seats, she would undulate down from the stage and circulate among her avid audience of trade unionists and university students and arrange her assignations for later that night—without a break in her reading from Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*:

"I have bought the mansion of a love," her husky, throbbing voice would sob as Gerta passed a penciled note to a union president, notifying him of the hour and place they could meet,

"But not possess'd it, and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd. . . ." she went on.

GERTA'S Shakespearean readings and her after-class entertainments were soon a popular item, taken up enthusiastically as a non-credit course by the university students en masse. She began to sock the money away, and eventually was in a position to rent the house at 37 Kirshenstrasse and staff it with girls who had been her one-time competitors out in the streets. Gerta had them all doing dramatic readings from Shakespeare for the titillation of her customers, and business boomed. In a short time, Gerta ended up buying the Kirshenstrasse house.

On becoming a property owner, Gerta relinquished her role as one of the infantry privates in the front line of entertainment. She took herself out of active participation as an entertainer and concentrated on supervisory duties, becoming a top executive in the world of vice, subsequently becoming known as *Gerta, the Untouchable*, a beauty whose body no price could command.

THE point of no return was eventually reached, Gerta realized on her executive level. The girls were putting in too much non-productive time with Shakespeare and too little time with the customers of Gerta's bordello. Gerta decided to get around this by having her girls specialize while she centralized and organized the theatrics for the titillation of her customers.

Gerta, still very much in love with the theatre, set aside one room in her house in which to stage her productions. The tableau was changed from month to month, but the one presentation still remembered by old habitues, and documented by sensational writers of the time, was the narrative dramatization of a young couple's honeymoon. Gerta cut a record in which she dramatically described the events in the life of a pair of young honeymooners. This record was played over and over, and on the small stage in the room, before a select audience, a young couple acted out the narration in detail. When the little drama was over, its male viewers scattered to various rooms in Gerta's house, in the company of one of the girls. Some of Gerta's customers came just for the show, and paid the full tab whether they called for one of the beautiful girls afterwards or not, so popular a production had it become.

Gerta became so entranced with the money-making possibilities of staged productions that she decided to enlist her customers as actors whether they wanted to or not. Usually they did not learn until Gerta came around, with hand outstretched, that they had performed in a farce, in which the most innocent behavior took on a risque flavor, filmed through trick mirrors that Gerta had hung on the walls all through her house. At one time, Gerta had a large percentage of Berlin's married men paying blackmail money into one of many anonymously numbered bank accounts she kept in Switzerland, a cultured and most tolerant country to which she eventually planned to retire.

IT was about this time that a young officer in the Gestapo, one Hans Dutka, a strapping Teuton with piercing blue eyes, close-cropped blond hair, a flat nose, and a big-boned frame that carried the powerful muscles with which he had been gifted, paid a call on Gerta and enlisted her aid for the greater glory of the Fatherland.

"The Gestapo will arrange," Dutka proposed to Gerta as they sampled her best schnapps in a room that was noted for its four-inch-thick carpeting and soft music that welled up out of hidden speakers, "to steer young diplomats from the foreign embassies to your house for their away-from-home entertainment. All for the purpose of blackmail."

Specifically to be aimed at were the vice-consuls and code clerks, young male minions through whose hands passed confidential diplomatic communications. They were to be filmed through Gerta's trick mirror.

The scheme was a success and soon diplomatic secrets were finding their way into Gerta's hands to be bought from her for fabulous sums by the Gestapo. Like all her other earnings, a high percentage of this money went right into the Swiss bank accounts.

More important, perhaps, was the fact that Gerta had fallen in love at last—with Hans Dutka, the Gestapo agent. *Gerta, the Untouchable* was consecrated and dedicated to love—and Hans Dutka became a frequent and cherished visitor to that most sacrosanct of the rooms in Gerta's house, her own boudoir.

SOMETIME in 1933, Gerta devised another dramatic entertainment for her customers. One-way viewing mirrors were built into the wall of the rooms of her more active girls so that they and their unsuspecting customers could perform for the patrons of Gerta's establishment.

In June of 1934, Ernst Roehm, the overly plump head of Hitler's Storm Troopers, paid Gerta's establishment an incognito visit and ended up as the star performer in a hilarious little drama viewed through one of the trick mirrors by regular patrons, Gestapo men, students, and Army men.

By unwittingly exposing his debauchery, Roehm made not only himself but the government of which he was a member ridiculous, and gave the Army the excuse it was looking for to eliminate Roehm as a source of power.

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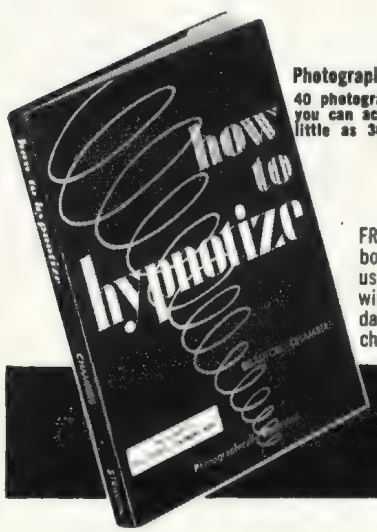

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"Roehm must be gotten rid of," General von Blomberg, the Minister of War, told Adolph Hitler on June 23, 1934, "if you want the Army to support the Nazi regime."

Hitler took the hint, and when a week later Ernst Roehm called a meeting of his top S.A. leaders—Heines, Krausser and Schneidhuber—at the Bavarian mountain hotel of Bad Wiessee, he set up, without realizing it, his own execution. At 4 a.m. that Saturday morning, when the Storm Troop bosses had retired to their bedrooms, the door of Roehm's bedroom was violently battered down.

Roehm, wearing a pair of pajamas decorated with a wild flower print, found himself being yanked out of bed by a squad of Hitler's black-uniformed S.S. men. Irons were clapped around the furious Roehm's wrists and he was thrown into a car along with the other S.A. leaders, and taken to nearby Munich. There he was locked in a cell of Stadelheim prison. All through the rest of that night, the prison walls vibrated with the rattle of machine gun fire as Roehm's henchmen were stood against the wall of the courtyard and chopped out of existence.

Hitler visited Roehm in his cell before he was shot along with thousands of other brown shirts in that putsch of 1934. Roehm's last request was that the big blonde melon-breasted Gerta Schnabel, the queen of Berlin's vice dens, immediately responsible for his downfall with her theatrical presentations and her trick walls and mirrors, get her just desserts, too.

"Adolph," Roehm is reputed to have said, according to the memoirs of S.S. General Karl von Vetterschneider, "all I ask is that you let me get my hands on that blonde witch in hell in seventy-two hours."

SELECTED to deliver the *coup de grace*, ironically enough, was Gerta's own blond lover, Hans Dutka, the Gestapo lieutenant. While his Gestapo comrades waited below in their long black Mercedes Benz cars, Dutka went to Gerta's bedroom and offered her a choice of ways to die.

"You can have this amulet of strychnine," Dutka said stonily to his beloved, "or this Luger. There is one bullet in it."

Gerta, who had just awakened, was lying in bed, her magnificent body barely covered by a diaphanous shift of lace.

"This cannot be the end for us, Hans," she said softly, her hand patting the bed at her side. "Come to me, my darling. Join me. We can cement our love for eternity."

For the briefest of moments, a look of anguish and desire passed over Hans Dutka's face. And then it became hard and impassive again.

"I cannot, Gerta," he said, placing the amulet of poison and the loaded Luger on the night table at the side of Gerta's bed, within easy reach. "I have sworn to serve the Fatherland unto death," Dutka said. "My love for the Fatherland is greater than any mortal love that might have existed between the two of us."

FOR a moment there was silence. Then Gerta reached across to the night table, picked up the Luger, fingered its trigger, and said simply and with a note of finality, "So be it."

Then slowly and calmly, Gerta turned the muzzle of the Luger towards her one-time lover and calmly used the one bullet it contained to drill Hans Dutka between the eyes. "Not even Adolph Hitler," she said to his prostrate bleeding body, "is going to tell me how to die."

Down below, the Gestapo chauffeurs clucked knowingly on hearing the one Luger shot; Hans Dutka had done his duty again, they figured, no matter how difficult it had been.

Up above in the opulent bedroom of 37 Kirshenstrasse, the nude Gerta Schnabel let the Luger slip from her fingers to the floor and she stepped across the dead body of Hans Dutka and the growing pool of blood that was staining the thick carpeting around the back of his head.

She had always had a sense of the dramatic, Gerta Schnabel. Now she drew herself a warm bath, once she figured there was no escape, and calmly opened the arteries in her wrists with a razor blade. She had staged her last scene. Her only regret was that there was no audience to cheer her last curtain call. ■

AMERICAN MALES

(Continued from page 12)

as it was back in the days of the narrow-minded and hell-fearing Puritans, sexual expression is regarded largely as a vice. Parents who should instead be advocating practical instruction try to tout teen-agers into "saving yourself for marriage," and unwittingly encourage a sly and dirty approach to sex. It's no wonder at all that the American male is selfish and brutally hasty about the sex act: he wants to make sure he experiences it before anyone can take it away from him.

Sex in America is stripped of dignity as education in it is chiefly a matter of secret and solitary experimentation, guilty, hasty consorting, and frustrating trials and errors. Only to a relatively few enlightened people is sex regarded as healthy and desirable, while the remaining majority are beset with fears and inhibitions. What other result could be expected from a sex "education" which stresses self-denial rather than proficiency than that American males enter marriage as bungling boors without a shred of confidence or technique?

It's high time that American men began an "emancipation" movement to shuck themselves of old, hidebound concepts of sex education and explore more enlightened avenues of thought. Medieval notions about sex have no place in a world wherein scientists are shooting for the moon and medics are slowly conquering all known diseases. They should, for a change, get rid of their inhibitions and fears and insinuations of evil and treat sex education with all the honest respect due it. Since sex is the basis of life and the master key to enjoying it, it should be worth almost any drastic, disruptive and irreverent change to provide the young with a practical knowledge of it.

Perhaps then there wouldn't be so many divorces due to "incompatibility," and so many unhappy marriages due to faulty sexual techniques. Perhaps then we wouldn't be a nation jittery with small fears and neuroses, gulping tranquillizers and rushing to psychiatrists to alleviate our imagined ills.

And perhaps then the American male could start out in marriage as a past master in the art of lovemaking, instead of spending half a lifetime learning an art it's too late to put into practice. ■

BACK-SEAT MURDERS

(Continued from page 29)

punishment state to another state where the death penalty is not invoked for murder.

While it's an actual vehicle of escape for criminals, it's a symbol of escape for cloistered, adventure-minded young girls. To them, the fancy automobile imparts a touch of glamor to even the most colorless male, and they feel a sense of elegance riding in it. It's a magic carpet and a trap all wrapped up together in a glossy bundle.

To married people prone to playing extra-marital games the automobile is all the foregoing things, and more. It's a clandestine meeting place capable of dodging discovery by suspicious husbands, wives, or "private eyes." But just as in a home, things can go wrong and the cosy little love nest can be turned into a slaughterhouse. . . .

WHEN Mary Rosenblatt discovered Harry Lee she promptly abandoned her long-time policy of being a faithful wife and began going on dates in Harry's car. Mary worked as a waitress in the restaurant of a Hamilton, Ontario, department store and did charity work in her spare time. She was thus able

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to cover up with convenient excuses to her husband the time she spent in clandestine meetings with Harry, a handsome and husky character who worked in a farm implement factory.

Being a religious person, who with the tranquil facets of her emotions loved her husband, Mary didn't want to fall for Harry, but she did. Compulsively, she kept the affair going, needing Lee's robust attentions; he was younger than her thirty-eight and it flattered her that he should find her attractive. She went with him for a couple of years, and then suddenly decided to call it quits.

Most of their romance had been carried on in the front or back seats of Harry's car, and on occasions when Lee's landlady was away, they'd have their assignations at his place. They'd kept the affair so secret that Mary's husband hadn't a suspicion in the world, and Harry's landlady never caught him entertaining her. But there were other eyes, casual ones, that remembered seeing the couple together from time to time, and it was they who helped the police investigating the tragic end of the love affair.

MARY decided to have one last date with Harry and tell him that she'd decided to call the whole thing off. His landlady was going to visit relatives on the afternoon and evening of Sunday, June 1, 1952, and so Harry arranged for Mary to meet him at his place. Giving her husband the excuse that she was going out on a charity call, Mary took a cab to the vicinity of Lee's lodgings and walked the rest of the way. He let her in quickly and took her up to his room where once more Mary was helpless to her compulsion. But when night came and it was time to go home, she broke the news that this was their last affair.

Lee pleaded with her, but when he saw that it wasn't going to do any good, he said, "Well, at least you can let me drive you home." When Mary agreed to this, Lee excused himself and went to a downstairs closet, found his .22 rifle, and ran out and put it in the back of the car. Then he went upstairs and summoned Mary, and together they got into the car which had been the scene of so much of their romancing. It had only taken a few shocked moments for him to figure out a plan of revenge if his protracted pleadings didn't work.

On the way to her neighborhood he tried to change Mary's mind, but the more he argued the stauncher became her decision. Finally, he drove off onto a lonely side road and tried to make love to her again. Mary refused, and it was then he reached back and got the gun and forced her into the backseat. Then he pulled the trigger and sent one bullet into her chest and another into her neck, killing her almost instantly. Satisfied that she was dead, Lee turned the gun on himself, being careful not to hit any vital spots, and sent a couple of slugs into his own body. After that he drove out onto the Hamilton highway and stopped the car in front of a house a few miles from the city of Galt, and began beeping his horn.

People in the neighborhood came out to investigate the noise and found the dead woman and the apparently dying man, who was rushed to the hospital. Lee came around quickly after a transfusion, and told a macabre story of having been attacked by a couple of men in a dark sedan. So sure was he that no one knew of his romance with Mary, that he said that he'd picked the woman up hitch-hiking along the road. He swore he'd never seen her before.

But the aforementioned witnesses came forward with bits and pieces of damning evidence, and the taxi driver who'd taken Mary to Lee's neighborhood the previous day recalled the passenger and destination. The chain of evidence tightened around him, and as he lay in the prison hospital awaiting trial on a first degree murder charge, he went on a hunger strike and tried to die. He survived, however, to face trial, and no amount of lying or fabrication could save him from the lifelong prison term to which he was sentenced for the motorcar murder of his reluctant inamorata.

IT was just such a situation that Mrs. Libby Bershad found herself in back in 1951. The platinum blonde Los Angeles beauty figured that life was passing her by, and she decided to live a little. There were plenty of men around who'd have been delighted to help her with her problem, but she focused her attention on a man who turned out to be desperately jealous and impatient with half-measure romance. When Libby decided to end the affair that they'd been carrying on in the comfort of her car, her lover killed her in what he later called a "suicide pact."

"We decided to die together," he told the court in the trial which culminated in a long prison sentence for him, "but after I'd killed her I lost my nerve and couldn't put the

PHOTO CREDITS: Pages 18-19, UP; pages 24-25, NY Daily News; pages 26-27, INP; page 28, INP, WW; page 29, INP; pages 32-33, Free Lance Photographers' Guild, NSS; page 34, NSS; page 35, Carston Harris, Inc.; pages 38-41, Globe Photos.

gun to my own head, so I ran away."

Some of those suicide pacts do work out, however. With a theme of "Nobody understands our problem," and with background music of "Too Young to fall in love," Ruth Thompson, sixteen, and Grant Ruter, twenty-two, played out the final scene of their romance in the back seat of his sedan. Hopelessly they faced the problem that they wouldn't be able to get married for years yet, and so they decided to end it all. Grant killed her first, and then knocked himself off, ending for all time the automobile amour that had been their substitute for marriage and a home.

For the wild-eyed thrill killers like Billy Cooke and Dickie Carpenter, the car is a tremendous convenience furnishing an abattoir to operate in as well as a quick means of escape. They don't care whom the car they use belongs to, and care even less what kind of condition they leave it in. It provides a nice secret place for murder, and anything else that goes with it.

ANYONE seeing Harley Lamarr drive a car would have said that the hot-headed teen-ager drove like a wild Indian, and the description would have been almost literally correct. Harley was wild and he was a half-breed Indian who had left the Six Nations tribes in New York to take a flat in the slum area of Buffalo. He didn't have a car of his own but he had a way of jumping the ignition on other peoples' cars and taking off on solo jaunts across the concrete prairie.

Harley came of pretty impetuous stock. A few years before he got into bad trouble himself he had seen his mother fatally stab his stepfather and get sent to prison on a manslaughter rap. The experience had thrilled him, though it had desolated his remorseful mother, and he kind of figured that some day he'd emulate the old braves and kill himself a man.

As it turned out, it wasn't a man who crossed his path as a likely victim, but a woman named Marion Frisbee. It was on Saturday night, Feb. 11, 1950 that Harley sat disconsolately in his room weighing his chances of latching onto some dough and buying some firewater to whoop things up in honor of Lincoln's upcoming birthday. No one he knew would lend him anything, and as he puzzled over his problem his eyes lit on the old lever-action rifle he kept in the corner. He had a bad thirst, and he decided that if he couldn't work a quick stick-up, he could hock the gun for enough dough to go out and get loaded. He put on his skimpy topcoat, tucked the gun under it, and ventured out into the night.

As he walked along the dark back streets he passed through a fine resi-

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dential area. A beautiful modern apartment loomed up and the thought suddenly hit him that the people living in a place like that would have plenty of money. He decided to knock at one of the doors, force his way in at gunpoint, and rob the occupants of whatever cash they had on hand. He was sure to get enough cash for a real wild night on the town.

As he approached the apartment a toney red hardtop sedan rolled to a stop by the curb and an attractive, expensively dressed woman got out and started across the sidewalk. Harley's gun was out from beneath his coat and pointed at her before he had a chance to think. "Get back in that car!" he commanded the woman, and as she got behind the wheel he sat down beside her.

"This is a stick-up, lady," he said. "Drive away from here or I'll blast you." He dug the muzzle into her side to show he meant business, and he directed her out of the city until they came to the lonely part of North Harris Hill Road. As they drove along he put a couple of .32-20 shells into the gun, which had been empty.

When they came to a particularly desolate stretch of road, Harley told Mrs. Frisbee to pull over to the side. As she braked the car, Marion tried to reason with him. "Look, young man—don't do anything you'll be sorry for. If it's money you want, you can have what I've got—and I won't say a word to the police. I've got about ten dollars—and I can get you more, I promise."

Harley just looked at her with a twisted grin on his face. "Get out!" he said. "Don't scream or I'll shoot you right down."

HE opened the catchall which he'd already investigated and took out the flashlight that the Frisbees kept handy, and he put it in his pocket. Trembling, Marion Frisbee slid out after him, careful not to make any sudden move that he'd interpret wrongly.

"What are you going to do?" she asked as she stood in the grass of the shoulder.

"What do *you* think?" Harley chuckled, prodding her with the gun. "Get over into those bushes!"

But Marion fought like a tigress, punching, scratching, and biting until he backed off, frustrated. Cursing with rage he jumped away, brought the gun to bear, and shot her dead. Then he ran to the car, jumped in, and tore off down the road.

He drove as though he were drunk, and about five miles further on he careened off the road and into a ditch. He walked on to an all-night garage and got a tow-truck to come back and haul him out, explaining that he'd fallen asleep at the wheel. Then he turned around and drove back to Buffalo, abandoned the car, and went on to a gin-mill to spend the nine dollars and change that he'd found in Mrs. Frisbee's purse. It was, he figured, a lousy take for a murder.

The gun was found at the scene of the crime, and a description of it was published in the papers. A couple of Harley's buddies, who'd seen the weapon numerous times, told the police about his gun and their suspicions. A few hours later Assistant Detective Chief William Tedesco and Detective-Lieutenant George H. Miller climbed the stairs to Harley's room and knocked at the door. When Lamarr opened it, there stood the detectives with their guns drawn.

Slowly Lamarr retreated to his bed and sat down.

"You know why we're here?" Tedesco asked.

Lamarr nodded forlornly. "Yeah. I knew I didn't have a chance of gettin' away with it."

"Not a chance," Tedesco said. "It wasn't just the gun. The guy in the tow car described you perfectly. Any time you use a car in a crime, you leave yourself open for quick identification. Come along, son."

A year later Harley Lamarr, having been found guilty of first-degree murder, went for his last ride—in Sing Sing's hot seat with the crash-proof safety straps.

ALTHOUGH sudden death occurs with outrageous frequency due to accidents on America's highways, motor car murders provide a goodly percentage of crime statistics annually and snare the headlines. Ever since the days when Chicago mobsters made the understatement "Take him for a ride" a terrifying expression, the auto has appealed to gangsters everywhere as a useful vehicle in disposing of enemies.

Hardly a week goes by when some hood fails to get knocked off spectacularly in some part of the country while sitting in his plush Cadillac, Buick, or Continental. It might be Jim Pope, in Chicago, or one of the Macris, in New Jersey. Maybe it's no cheap hood, but a well-heeled gambling man like E. J. O'Hare, in Chicago. Or maybe it's a double killing, as in the case of Needle Nose Labriola and Jim Weinberg, who were found stuffed into the trunk of Jim's fancy white Pontiac Star Chief.

There's no getting around it: the automobile's a handy accessory when it comes to murder. It does provide transportation for the grisliest cargo, and it's a handy, double-duty vehicle providing a space for murder as well as a means of escape.

But as Detective Chief Tedesco told Harley Lamarr, it also provides a quick, added identification point for witnesses to remember. And despite their quick flight to escape, criminals often find to their dismay that it was the car that betrayed them. ■

WHITE-SLAVE SAFARI

(Continued from page 17)

reason she might trying to avoid the constabularly.

So far I hadn't seen any of the girls traveling in the curtained *charabancs*. Madam Soo always made sure that my tent was apart from the others come evening, and the girls didn't come out of the vehicles during the day. The madam's eight drivers and four relief men took turns keeping an eye on me to see that her orders stuck, though they tried not to be too obvious about it. I griped about this segregation one day as Madam Soo rode with me in my Rover, and she said, "It's best that way. These girls are strictly orthodox—unlike myself—and at present they are not veiled. They would consider it a tragic mark of shame if their faces were seen by a man—especially a Christian, an infidel, in their minds." Then she looked at me archly. "Isn't it enough being allowed to visit with me in the evenings?"

It was all very convincing at the time. I still kept my distance with Madam Soo, nagged with doubts about many things. And then one day, late in the afternoon, I saw the girls for the first time.

WE were moving along the Jumma River well south of Cawnpore in the United Provinces when I found a spot which seemed ideal for a campsite. As the motorcade moved into its circle I drove on a half mile through elephant grass to the edge of the *nullah*, the river, and put up my tent. Water birds circled and swept low over the river and in the distance I could hear the cry of the brain-fever bird. It had been an unbearably hot day and I was sweating like a pig after setting up my camp. Quickly I stripped and hung my wet clothes on a guy-rope, grabbed my H and H Magnum rifle, an invariable precaution in tiger country, and headed for the river for a swim.

I dropped the gun on the river's edge and jumped in. I'd been paddling around only a few minutes when I suddenly heard a scream from up river, and then another. I thrashed out of the water, grabbed my gun, and ran upstream.

IN a few minutes I was around a bend in the river, and then I saw the source of the screams. More than thirty girls were leaping and cavorting in the river, stark naked, their skins glistening golden in the sun. *So these are the pilgrims!* I thought. *They look as though they'd been hand-picked for an Oriental beauty contest.* I stood gaping a moment, and then started to back away, ducking to avoid being seen.

But one of the girls saw me and then all hell broke loose as they made for the shore. One of them darted in my direction, then veered off into the elephant grass. I turned and sped back down river, finished my leisurely swim, and then went back to my tent.

I grabbed my khaki drill outfit off the rope, thoroughly dry by now, and ducked into the tent. For a moment I couldn't see a thing after coming in out of the brilliant sunshine, but I sensed instantly that something, or someone, was there. I quickly raised my gun and dropped to my knee.

"Don't shoot!" came a hoarse whisper, and a moment later my eyes became accustomed to the murk and I recognized the girl who had run toward me on the river. She was sitting cross-legged on my cot, a blanket drawn up to cover her nakedness, and she had her face politely turned away from me. I laid my gun down and quickly got into my clothes.

"All right," I said.

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She opened her eyes then, and looked at me. She was almond-eyed and beautiful, with coffee-and-cream colored skin that had the texture of a jasmine petal. "You are the *shikari*, yes?" she said, and I nodded. "We are in bad trouble—all the girls—and we need help."

QUICKLY she whispered her story, stopping every few minutes to listen for sounds outside. She was from Hong Kong, she related, where she had been employed as a servant in a British household, which accounted for her facility with English. One day while shopping in town she'd been approached by Madam Soo, who offered her a job as a mannequin in a dress shop. When she went around to the shop next day to look into the proposition, she was drugged and abducted and it was days before she came to her senses. By that time she was in the *charabanc* somewhere in western China.

I interrupted to tell her what Madam Soo had told me, and she said, "All that is lies! I am a Christian myself and so are some of the others. Many of us are Buddhists. She is not taking us to find husbands—but to sell us into harems or brothels in Arabia. One of the girls heard Madam Soo and the other *shikari* the man with the moustache—arguing one night about it, and she threatened to kill him if he said anything."

That explained Ferguson's attitude when I saw him. It explained a lot of things. Madam Soo hadn't taken her "pilgrims" by boat for the obvious reason that the territorial waters of India, Arabia, Malaya, and Burma were patrolled by swift gunboats on the alert for traffic in dope and white slavery. The real reason for Madam's by-passing of large towns was obviously to avoid the police.

I was sure now, recalling Ferguson's jittery hands, that he'd been doped. By recommending me as *shikari* he must have figured that he could save himself and the girls too; that a young, reckless guy would rush in where a cautious older man might fear to tread. He'd said that I'd know what to do. I didn't, but I was sure as hell going to give it a whirl.

"I'll try to help you," I told the girl.

She gave a squeal of delight and leaped from the cot with her arms extended, forgetting for the moment her state of undress. Blushing, as she suddenly realized it, she grabbed for the blanket and drew it around her.

"You—you won't regret it," she promised.

SUDDENLY I heard shouts outside, and the sound of men thrashing through the elephant grass. I recognized Hoh-Hsing's voice and knew that he and his drivers must be looking for the girl. I looked around for a place to hide her, then suddenly remembered that the tent was double-walled. I ran to the rear, lifted the liner canvas, and beckoned to the girl. She discarded her blanket and darted into the hiding place and I dropped the liner. I knew that no bulge would be seen from outside because the tent backed against five-foot-high grass.

A moment later Hoh-Hsing was calling through the flap and I lifted it and asked what he wanted. Briefly he told me about the missing girl, and his face grew stormy as I pretended I wasn't going to let him in to look around.

"Madam Soo will not like," he said threateningly. I shrugged and let him in to look around. Satisfied she wasn't there, he went out and led his men off to hunt further. I went outside and watched until they were out of sight, and then called softly to the girl to come out. When I went inside she was back on the cot with her protective blanket.

"By the way," I said, "what is your name?"

"You would not be able to pronounce it in Chinese," she smiled, "but the people I worked for called me Lotus." Suddenly the smile vanished from her lovely face, and she looked worried. "What am I going to do now? Madam will be furious—and suspicious. She whips the girls terribly for disobedience. What will I tell her?"

I started to sit down on the cot to think this over, but I didn't exactly trust myself and went over and squatted down on my B-4 bag instead. Then suddenly, a plan came to me. I told her I'd be right back and went out and cut a switch from a larch tree and then got a handful of mud from the river-bank.

BACK in the tent I told her to try to forget her embarrassment and stand up. "You'll have to trust me," I said, "and I'll try to trust myself. This is going to hurt—but we'll have to do it to make the story you tell Madam seem true. You're going to wait here until it's dark—and then I'll lead you to a spot near the camp and you'll stagger into camp half-hysterical and tell them you've been wandering around lost for hours. You'll have mud and scratches all over your body—just as you would if you'd been lost in the jungle. The vines and tree branches and elephant grass would do that to a naked person."

She understood, and got up immediately and stood there, her face flushed and her eyes downcast, waiting. It hurt me like hell doing it, but I took a thorny part of the branch and made scratches across the front of her thighs and her stomach. Then I stood behind her and snapped the branch, simulating the backlash of a tree-branch that's been pushed aside in the jungle, against her back. Red streaks appeared on her tender

skin and I knew they'd remain until she told her story to Madam Soo.

I was trembling, partly from the excitement of being so close to her, and partly from the struggle within me not to hurt her even though it was necessary. But all through the ordeal Lotus didn't utter a sound. When I'd made enough marks on her, I took the handful of mud and daubed it streakily over her face and breasts and stomach and down her legs, to make it look as though she'd fallen face forward in the river mud.

Then I was finished, and I let out a long sigh. Suddenly Lotus looked up at me, and there were tears in her eyes. "I know how that must have hurt you," she said, and moved swiftly over and kissed my cheek.

I swallowed hard, to keep from grabbing her, and then turned and went outside. It would be dark very soon, and we had to make plans before we left as to how we could meet again.

WE talked it over and Lotus told me that one of the girls had fallen in love with the driver who stood guard over the *charabancs* between midnight and four A.M. "She often slips out of the bus at night and they go off somewhere together. She is a sweet girl and she hates Madam Soo and she says that he does too. I am sure she can keep him out of sight long enough for me to meet you here and get back again."

I thought a moment. "Not tomorrow night—let's make it the night after. By that time maybe I'll have an idea for getting you all out of this mess."

When it was dark we left the tent and I led her to a spot not far from the camp where she could see and guide herself by the light in Madam Soo's tent. I whispered good luck and kissed Lotus quickly on the lips and went back the way I'd come. Just as I reached my tent I heard her screams in the distance and I prayed that her phony act of hysteria was convincing.

AN hour later Hoh-Hsing appeared and told me that Madam wanted to see me. On the way I asked him about the missing girl and he said she'd been lost in the jungle but had finally found her way back. So the act had gone over.

Madam Soo was wearing a new creation which looked, appropriately enough, as though it were made of material spun by spiders. The bright primus lamp was out and there were two kerosene lamps, turned low, casting a soft amber light through the place. She lay against the pillows on the bamboo divan and I had to look twice to make sure she had any clothes on at all. The tea-table was laid out with a buffet supper and half-a-dozen bottles of liquor.

"Help yourself, Josh," she said lazily, and then giggled. "To the food and gin, I mean."

It was the only thing right now I cared about as far as she was concerned. After hearing Lotus's story, I now had the same affinity for madam as I had for a snake.

"And how," she asked, "is the mighty hunter?" She sounded drunk.

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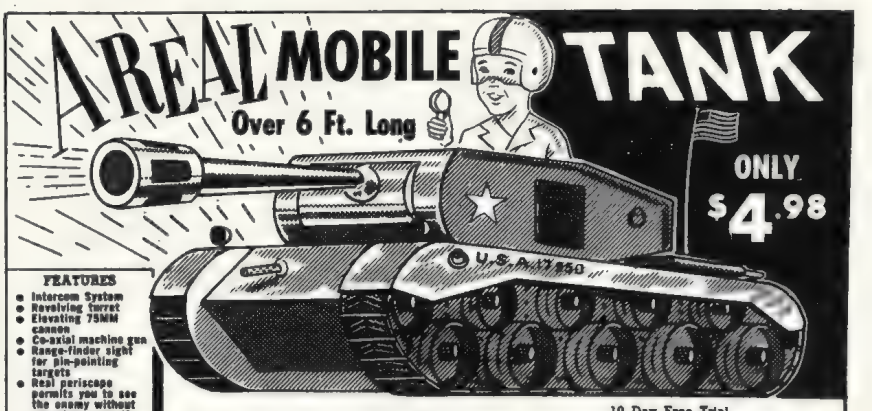

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"What brought on that sarcastic remark?" I asked.

"I saw you through my binoculars today," she laughed. "Charging up the river wearing nothing but a rifle —and scattering my girls like quail.

I poured myself a gin and grabbed a chicken leg and sat down. She asked me to pour her a brandy and when I handed it to her she squeezed my hand. "The girls told me later they regretted running away," she teased. Her words slurred and I knew now she was drunk.

"Didn't mean to frighten them," I said. "But when I heard those screams from down river, I didn't know what was happening."

She kept looking at me as I tucked away an assortment of chicken, wild boar, meat, curried rice, and fruit, and when I'd finished she told me to come over and sit down on the divan. She stretched herself luxuriously, erotically, as I walked over, and then sat up a little to make room for me.

You're in trouble, Pearson, I thought, *unless you can get this dame's mind on something else.* She had a sly, suggestive smile on her lips and I decided right then and there, knowing how moody she was, to change it.

"I understand one of your girls got lost today," I said.

It worked. She swung her legs down and sat up, looking at me suspiciously. "How'd you know that?" she asked.

"Hoh-Hsing told me. He insisted on searching my tent even though I told him I hadn't seen her—"

"Oh, he did!" She leaped to her feet and went inside and came out in a moment with a riding crop. "Hoh-Hsing!" she called. "Hoh-Hsing! Come here!"

THE big Chinese appeared and ducked through the mosquito netting and gave a subservient bow. Her eyes blazing, Madam Soo raged at him in Chinese and then suddenly reverted to English and screamed, "I'll teach you to insult my *shikari,* you beast!" Then she began laying into him with her whip, and the six-foot-four Chinese stood stoically as she drew blood with frenzied blows across his face and bare arms. Exhausted at last, she flung down the whip and dismissed him and went over and threw herself on the divan. All I could feel for her now, as she lay with her clothes half off and trembling with emotion, was contempt.

I poured her a brandy and handed it to her. "What would you have done," I asked her, "if he had *not* searched my tent?"

She sipped the drink, thought a moment, and said, "Exactly the same thing." She looked at me and started to move over to make room for me, but then she must have read in my eyes how I felt.

"No," she said, half to herself, "it wouldn't work. You'd better go now, Josh."

TWO nights later Lotus came to my tent just after midnight. She wore the traditional daytime garb of the Chinese and she looked beautiful. I kissed her, and then quickly she told me that her friend who was in love with the guard had agreed to lure him away from the camp whenever the time came to make our break. I had decided that we would take the white-and-blue Morris, the fastest of the *charabancs,* and abscond with it when the time was right. I figured that in three days, when we'd be within striking distance of Karachi, we'd make our move.

"Get your friend to go off with the guard between midnight and 12:30 that night," I told Lotus. "Ten minutes after they've gone get the girls from the three *charabancs* together in the Morris. I'll be somewhere nearby, watching to see how things go. I'll follow your friend and the guard and knock him out and tie him up—and I'll bring the girl back with me to the *charabanc.* Tell her it's the only way—or else Madam will blame her and maybe kill her. Tell her I won't hurt her boy friend too much."

We went over the details again and again, fixing a time schedule that was to be kept to the minute, just in case Lotus didn't get a chance to see me again before the appointed night.

Three days later, after a hot, dusty trip across the Indian Desert, we reached the Indus River which we forded just south of Johi, about 250 miles from Karachi. There we camped for the night. After getting myself a light supper at dusk, I went outside my tent and saw that the usual guard was posted not far away. I hoped fervently that the girls, who ate together at a table set up near the *charabancs,* didn't arouse Madam Soo's suspicions by acting unduly excited.

I doused my lamp at ten, just as I habitually did, and sat waiting in the darkness for midnight to arrive. I loaded the pockets of my bush jacket with cartridges, and when the luminous hands of my watch had crept to 11:55 I grabbed my Webley and 300 Magnum rifle and slipped out under the back wall of the tent.

EVERYTHING worked like a charm. Squatting in the elephant grass with a good view of the *charabancs,* which were illuminated lightly by a pale moon in a scattered-cloud sky, I saw a girl come out of a vehicle, walk over to the guard, and together they moved slowly in my direction. They entered the jungle about twenty feet from me, and I circled slowly, noiselessly, un-

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

til I was behind them. I thanked God for the noisy cicadas as I stole up undetected and brought the butt of my Webley down on the guard's head. He dropped like a stone, and swiftly I bound him with some vines and stuffed a handkerchief into his mouth and tied it behind his neck.

Then the girl and I ran to the trunk.

Lotus stood right beside the driver's seat and whispered that all the girls were aboard and everything was set. I handed her my rifle and slipped into the driver's seat. I turned on the dash light and saw that the gas tank had been filled for an early morning start. The engine was warm and the ignition key was in the lock. I flicked off the light.

"Here we go," I whispered to Lotus, flicking over the ignition key and kicking the starter. I knew that at the first roar of the engine the drivers would wake up and come running and I wasn't disappointed. As the *charabanc* lurched off and got rolling Hoh-Hsing ran out in front of the bus and waved both hands high to signal us to stop. I kept right on toward him and at the last moment he leaped out of the way. Then I swerved and headed out of the camp for the Sehwan-Hyderabad road which was due west, according to the map I'd memorized.

As the bus bumped and lurched across the arid fields the girls let go their pent-up emotions and there was a pandemonium of laughing and squealing. One of them nearly wrecked us when she pushed Lotus aside and threw her arms around me and kissed me. *"Kan Hsieh,"* she said, "grateful thanks. I still hadn't turned on the headlights, hoping to elude any pursuit, but a few minutes later one of the girls in back reported that we were being followed. I turned on the lights then and gave the engine full throttle.

Finally we reached the road and I turned south. There were now three pairs of headlights behind us, Lotus said, and I decided to do something about that, but quick. I slowed the bus down and told Lotus to try to hold it on the road while I went aft with my rifle. The girls kissed and pawed me as I forced my way through to the rear. I knocked out a window and sighted on the headlamps of the first car, which was almost upon us. I put them both out and then, seeing the silhouette of the Rover in the moonlight, fired at the engine. The car careened off the road, but the other cars kept coming.

It wasn't like shooting tigers, but it took every bit of skill I had to line the cars up in my sights in the swaying truck. Luck was with me, though, and I somehow immobilized both cars with half a dozen shots, and then struggled back through my harem to the driver's seat, where Lotus sat driving as though she had

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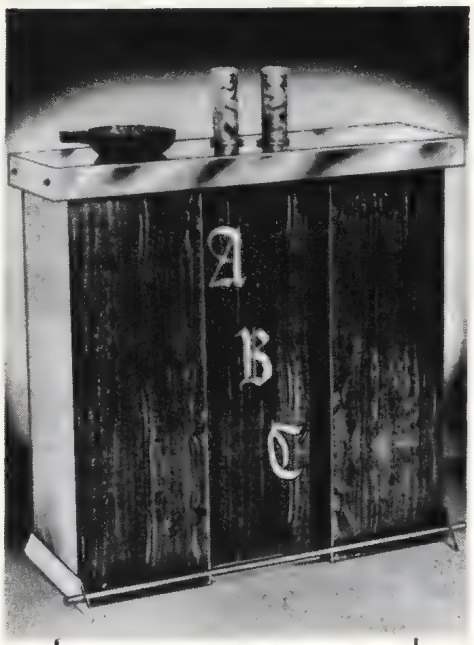

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a bull by the horns. We raced along.

She gave a sigh of relief as I took over and gunned the engine. If we stuck to the road I knew that Madam Soo's people could overtake us in the remaining Rover, and so a few miles further on I turned off into a thick copse of trees and came to a stop a half mile from the road and turned off the lights and the engine.

"We'll stay here until just before dawn," I told Lotus, "and by that time maybe they'll have tired of looking for us. Tell the girls to keep quiet and try to get some sleep." She translated the message and then one of the girls said something and everybody laughed.

"They want you to come back there and sleep too," Lotus said. Suddenly a couple of the girls hauled at me, giggling like imps, and others blocked the door. They pulled me out of the seat and dragged me aft, kissing me and tearing at my clothes until my jacket was in shreds. It was like being in a den of wild animals as the giggling girls all grabbed at me. Suddenly I remembered the rear window I'd knocked out, and, pretending to subside, I suddenly wrenched free and leaped out of it head first.

I LANDED okay and dove for the bushes, practically naked by now. Inside the bus the commotion had died down, and then I stole up to the window beside the driver's seat and called to Lotus: "Tell the girls that I'll leave now," I said, "if they don't promise to behave."

Lotus translated my message and immediately everyone quieted down. Then I laid down under the *charabanc* and tried to get some sleep. I heard a car race past in the distance, and then return a few minutes later. I was sure it was the last Land Rover, probably with Madam Soo aboard trying to figure out where we'd gone. Then, at last, the motor sounds disappeared for good in the distance.

Presently I heard the door of the truck open, and a moment later I heard Lotus call softly, *"Shikari!* Mr. Pearson!"

I answered, and she came crawling under the bus and lay down beside me. "Don't blame the girls," she said. "They just wanted to show their gratitude."

I said that's okay, forget it, and then she said, "I want to thank you too."

"Now that," I said as I pulled her close to me, "will be perfectly all right." Her gratitude, I discovered, knew no bounds.

WE were off next morning before dawn and reached Hyderabad by noon. As soon as we got into town I contacted the police and told them the whole story. Within fifteen minutes two powerful Humbers with half a dozen policemen were on their way to hunt out Madam Soo and her entourage. I put in a phone call to Calcutta, advising the police there of what had happened and requested them to take Dougal Ferguson into protective custody before he got himself killed by Madam Soo's vengeful henchmen. The police made arrangements to transport the girls back to their native countries.

I said goodbye to Lotus, and stayed around just long enough to find out that Madam Soo and her gang had been captured and shipped to Delhi to await trial. I took a plane back to Calcutta and on my arrival I decided to spend a few days at the Prince Edward in riotous living. I'd learned that Ferguson was safe, and he'd be there to keep me company. I needed someone around to talk to, because I figured that no amount of liquor was going to make me forget Lotus.

Two days later I was sitting, half-swacked, at a table in the P.E. with Ferguson, telling him for perhaps the fifth time about the escape and what that doggone dame from Hong Kong had done to my emotions. I was staring into my gin when I became suddenly aware that someone had sat down at our table. I shook my head and looked up, and gradually a lovely Oriental face came into focus.

"Hello, *shikari,*" she said softly.

I just looked at her, unbelieving, and slowly reached over to touch her hand.

"I just couldn't go home," she said. "The police found that my passport was in order and they're letting me stay." She looked at me uncertainly. "I'll get a job here. I won't be in the way, I promise. I just want to be near."

Ferguson chuckled and got up and went over to the bar.

I squeezed her hand. She was real. No dream. "Now that," I said, suddenly recalling a memorable bit of dialogue, "is perfectly all right." ■

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MODERN MEDICINE

(Continued from page 8)

back, without warning and without special treatment.

Quack baldness remedies thrive on *alopecia areata,* since it is a temporary form of baldness in most cases. When a man is treated with a baldness remedy and his hair grows back, the quack will claim that his preparation worked a miracle—when all that happened was a case of *alopecia areata* ran its full cycle and ended with restoration of the fallen hair.

MANY diseases, such as typhoid fever, influenza, and syphilis,

can also cause permanent or temporary baldness. But ordinary male baldness generally occurs for no good reason except that baldness runs in that family, and the time has come.

You can tell when baldness is striking by the fact that you begin to shed hundreds of hairs a day. After the initial onset of baldness the rate of shedding will drop to fifty or a hundred a day, but this is still more than the rate of production of new hair, and at this stage growth never catches up with the shedding. If baldness runs in your family, there is little you can do to arrest the process at this point. Simply resign yourself to the fact that baldness is part of your genetic heritage, along with the color of your eyes and skin, and that it can't be helped.

It won't do much good for you to try to claim that your baldness indicates your outstanding virility. Perhaps this myth has been fostered by the bald men of the world to soothe their ruffled vanity, but let me stress the fact that there's little to it. Baldheaded men do *not* necessarily make the best lovers. Baldness has little or nothing to do with your amorous abilities, despite the fact that it is governed in large measure by your secretions of sex hormones.

Incidentally, one way currently being tried to check baldness in men is to give them injections of *female* sex hormones. This does, indeed, have a beneficial effect on falling hair, or so preliminary studies seem to indicate. But such injections will also have a decidedly negative effect on the patient's sex life. You pay your money and you take your choice—but the best bet is to resign yourself to baldness gracefully. And don't fool yourself into thinking that your thinning thatch means you're a Don Juan. It ain't necessarily so. ■

STAND UP AND DIE

(Continued from page 19)

he glared at the private. "You'll catch up on your sleep, sonny. You'll be dead in a couple of minutes—and they're comin', sonny. Bet on it!"

My leg was soaked with sour urine and blood. The temperature was sixteen below. A crazy, hazy thought raced through my mind: I kept wishing it was Guadalcanal, one war earlier. At least a guy died in comfort. The valley below began to fleck as lines of padded Commie infantrymen moved out ahead of their tanks.

"How you fixed for spit?" Concias laughed hollowly. "I'm fresh out . . ."

IT was November 30, 1950. Three days before, the drive to the border had been routed westward by the X Corps, the theory being that an all-out offensive launched by the Eighth Army would kick the North Koreans and the Commies right in the gut for a score. The theory, until violently disproven, offered a measure of comfort.

My outfit was the 5th Marines, Colonel Raymond Murray commanding. We were deployed from positions east of Chosen Reservoir to an MLR northwest of the 7th Regiment. On the cold, clear morning of November 27th at 0830, we launched our attack. It was a good attack, with full regimental strength, and by day's end we'd gained about 3,000 yards and had butchered about the same number of Commies.

Darkness fell at 1600. The order to sack in was passed down from command. It was our first actual day of the Korean war. Behind were our own dead and wounded, and the initial shock of contact with the newly arrived Chinese had passed with the abrupt frenzy of flashing steel. Those of us who'd gotten through the day crawled into our sleeping bags and tried to shut out the awesome consciousness of first combat.

It wasn't easy.

I was buddy buddy with Concias and Mike Chenoweth, both of Trenton, N.J. Like myself, a few months before, they'd returned to the Corps for the duration of the "police action war." And like myself, they too—at first—considered the Corps all kinds of a bastard outfit for having recalled married War II vets with families.

"They give you five lousy years to catch your breath," Concias summarized the Reserve's beef. "Then, overnight, they slough you groggy with a phony war—wham, bam, thank you, ma'am! You're a goddamn Marine again . . . !"

The trouble was we *weren't* Marines. By standards of 1945 we were soft, out of touch with killing. To kill properly, you have to be conditioned. We weren't. The Commies had it all over us in that respect, but it wasn't until that night that any of us really knew it. Then, suddenly, we learned the truth in a hurry. The pathetic ill-preparation of the American serviceman was underscored in fresh, warm ropes of blood. *Ours.*

DOG Company's baptism of fire came at 2200. I rolled out of a dead sleep to the shrill, piercing reveille of a Commie whistle. In the cold frozen darkness, a figure suddenly loomed up ahead of me. I leaned into the BAR and squeezed off a burst. The roar of the gun set up a chain reaction, and a minute later—after the whole line shattered the night with jagged tongues of fire—it was over. Sergeant McKeever was jabbing me with his big hand, raking me over.

"You stupid sonuva——!" McKeev-

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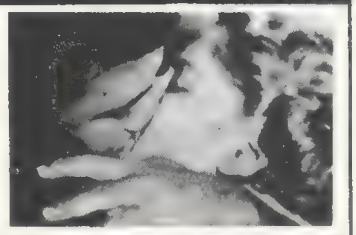

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er roared. "What the hell were you firing at?"

"Chink!" I stammered.

"Yeah? Well, take a good look at your Chink, you blind sonuva——!"

I couldn't talk; couldn't move. The gun was still hot in my hands as I raised my eyes over the crust of hillock. My "enemy" turned out to be one of the tarpaulin coverings for a 37mm anti-tank gun. It wasn't funny—it was simply a manifestation of fear. Real, deep-seated fear—an hallucination, which, for all purposes, became the enemy. The only thing I could say was "sorry," and the only thing that McKeever could say isn't printable.

But ten minutes later another shrill whistle sounded below, and my next target was a hell of a lot more solid and real.

"Here they come!" McKeever ranged along the line. *"Make 'em count. Make 'em count—"*

DOG Company's left flank got hit by the first squad of Commies below us. The whole line erupted in flame. Shellfire, pounding up from the paddy, shuddered in behind as the Commie gunners ranged up too high, but quickly corrected. Something hit me in the back and I sprawled out, a wet, blood-spouting neck rolling against me. Just a neck and a short length of shoulders—the rest of the guy was blown to bits!

Abruptly the scared feeling was gone. I was standing up, Concias beside me, blasting away at anything that moved. The whole front flamed with shellfire. A platoon of suicidal Chinese overran one group of marines below us. About twenty yards to the left, a Chinese mortar man laid down a supply of mashers that blasted a row of foxholes into one deep, crimson-stained trench.

I caught an enemy officer in the process of blowing a whistle. His cheeks were puffed out and he was belaboring his men with a pistol, *firing at his own men,* and exhorting them on by chasing our grenades and throwing them back. The BAR rattled uncontrollably in my hands. Bullets at twenty yards stitched down the neckline of the padded Commie before me, ripping him open.

I couldn't get it back off automatic so I fired down to the bottom and scrounged around for another gun. It was then, scrounging, that the grenade landed under my right leg and the world banged my brain in a brilliant, yellowish arc of pain. Dirt of Korea took my blood. I could hear myself yelling *"Corpsman,"* yelling it and pawing in the hole for another gun.

"Shut your goddamn face! If you can't walk—crawl!" McKeever roared as he charged down the hillock. The civvy went out of me in a rush. Slowly, agonizingly, I lifted myself out of the gunkhole and crawled toward the place where the in-fighting was hottest. A kid with no eyes found my sound and followed.

"Hey, Marine!" he yelled. "How you fixed for spit?"

THE first attack ended as abruptly as it had begun. I managed to lead my friend back up the hill. Of the seventy men in the company, more than half had died in the opening stanza. There were wounded nursing themselves. A former preacher from Knoxville, Tenn., his belly an empty space and both hands blown off, said the last rites in layman's language for other marines before he died.

The night wore on, through three other screaming, miasmic attacks. Our group was whittled down, by three's, by four's. Soon after daylight, Sergeant McKeever and two whole Marines went down below the hill and dragged back still-living men.

"There's three hundred Chinks dead down there," he announced. "There's twenty-two of us. If nobody comes pretty quick, we're all dead."

It wasn't said in any burst of heroism. Simply matter of fact. McKeever dressed my leg, his dazed bloodshot eyes black and angry.

"You'll be a Marine if it kills you."

"I feel pretty good," I yawned. "Got a headache, but I feel pretty good."

"Were you scared at Guadalcanal?"

"I'd be a liar if I said I wasn't."

"Me, too," McKeever chuckled. "I'm scared now, but I'm more mad than scared. Funny, ain't it?"

HE lit two cigarettes, two crumpled, watered slivers of brown paper, and shoved one in my face. The butt wouldn't drag. I chewed the thing instead. McKeever left me. I never saw him again after that. The whole line suddenly erupted in a roar of jets, tanks, and automatic fire. Chinese heavy machineguns carried by three and four men to a team slowly weaved up the hill.

"Shoot! Shoot!" a man without a face kept moaning beside me.

The morning sun glistening on the stubby hill below glinted on the bluetipped wings of a plane, on tanks, on moving men. Somewhere I'd gotten a rifle and was setting it up on a mound of dirt. *Get comfortable, Inge. Take it slow and stretch the bullets!* The few of us who were still able to squeeze off a trigger were lined up, staring incredulously as the napalm bombs began churning up the valley. The scream of a jet was matched by interlocking bands of Commie fire.

"That's the 7th coming in from Haguru-ri," a voice announced.

I saw only Commies. The jet disappeared. The last bomb lifted a self-propelled Commie tank into the air and twisted it into flaming, broken bits like a child's toy. The second tank stopped dead in its tracks, fire erupting from the turret. Marines

were below, intermingled with Commies at close range. I didn't shoot. I kept watching until the glare of the snow and the forms blended senselessly.

COLD, lancing pain throbbed in my leg and into my arms, which, by then, were numb. The temperature was still sub-freezing. I wasn't cold. The last thing I did was to put two clips of ammo beside my gun and pull my parka over my head. In that position the world faded, for me, for the handful of Dog Company men beside me. The 3rd Artillery Battalion, Colonel Litzenburg's men, pulled out the stops. They charged in, stopped two full-scale attacks and held the hill.

I came out of it in a field hospital, helicoptered back where the leg was put together. The men of Dog Company—less than a dozen survived the night—were separated and returned to the States. For a while, thinking about it in retrospect, I felt a deep shame for the fear I'd known. Then, after talking with some of the others, I forgot the shame and was plain damned glad to be alive. One night east of Chosen at the outset of a "police action war"—the unofficial blitzkrieg of 1950—did it.

It was something for a guy's scrap book. A couple of Chinese Communist divisions stopped dead by a single company of Marines . . . If the hole had been in my head, instead of my leg, it still would've been worth it. ■

HOT FANGS

(Continued from page 21)

absolutely no pretenses about how a man was to keep clean. If the shack needed sweeping, the dirt went flying out the door. If dishes got too dirty, they got dumped outside for the weather to scour. But Evey changed all that. It was too warm to really hunt comfortably, and during that time she got the place so livable I didn't recognize it.

The deer weren't running or rutting. It was hot, wet and muggy. I didn't think we'd ever get a shot at anything, but in my condition it hardly mattered. I had a long-legged, full-bosomed strawberry blonde to keep me company. I didn't care if the deer ate the garbage out of the back yard. But Evey did.

"It would be nice, honey," she grinned, sitting before the open hearth one night, "if we went home with a buck."

So that's how it happened that I stationed beautiful Evey on her stand, behind a thatch of blowdown at the base of the timberline. I went back two miles with the wind in my face and quietly started making my drive. It was warm. We were miles from anybody so I wasn't worried about leaving Evey alone. Besides, she had a new .32 Special and could, I was convinced, handle herself with man or beast. I was right about the first part only.

I did the two miles and felt like a wet rag coming out. Then I spooked the buck, a big, broad rumped whitetail who acted just as surprised as me and charged out with no damage done except the expenditure of three .348's. I shouted for Evey to clobber him and I thought she got the message. I was so wrong it was tragic. When I fell down something gave in my left knee and the gun twisted out of my hands. I couldn't see Evey then, couldn't shoot even if I had the gun because the foxes covered her.

"Coming, honey!" I wheezed. *"I'm coming, Evey!"*

MY woman was beyond *hearing* me. My woman lay writhing on the sedge, her blouse ripped down the front and blood pouring from jagged gashes in her breasts and throat. One fox was chewing his way up her leg, biting and pulling away the gore-soaked jeans. Her right wrist flopped off the ground bouncing the last one.

I brought the gun up and blasted at the bouncing fox and watched his head split apart. Then I crawled up and put the gun against the head of the leg fox and triggered again. The roar boomed out over the tundra, but Evey's ear-splitting screams drowned it out. I slipped in her blood and went down trying to wedge my hands into the needle jaws of the red-furred death chewing on her right breast. The left one was torn off, a shapeless chunk of flesh in a blood pool beside her.

I locked my fingers into the jaws as the snapping, crazed face spilled around to me. The teeth bit through my fingers as they pried loose, out, darting for my throat. Backward I went with twenty pounds of fox burrowing and snarling as he gashed my face, trying to lock both rear legs against my jacket and kicking downward.

I FELT the rear legs rip through my jacket, through my shirt, burying long claws into my stomach. I screamed, holding the fox at arms length as the neck gyrated in my hands like tensile steel. The head ripped loose and the taste of matted fur and foaming saliva rasped across my mouth. I bit. I sank my teeth deeper than the fur and felt blood rushing into my mouth. Pain roared in my stomach as the fox grabbed and held again, but I kept squeezing and slipping and squeezing the writhing neck.

A long flagging tongue sagged be-

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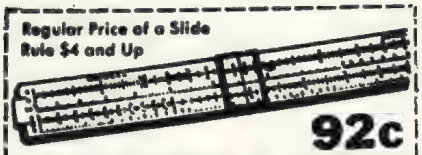

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tween the fangs that clattered like platters against my body. Then the red furred body went limp. I squeezed with my last remaining strength, then flung it off me and crawled over to my woman. Evey was dead.

AGAINST the inconsolable grief, I realized there would be a second death so I tied strips around my hands and picked up the three fox bodies and sprawled drunkenly to the pickup. Then I went back to my woman.

In town a local doctor put seventy-one stitches in my scalp, hands neck and stomach. For several weeks I underwent the rabies shots, but the agony of that was nothing as compared to the agony of lying there thinking of my woman. Either way, the doctors told me, Evey didn't stand a chance. Too much of her lovely body had been chewed off. Too much. Probably not even rabies serum would've helped. I didn't even sell the shack. I went home shortly before New Year's and into a skin grafting factory.

Outside, they made me over.

No miracle of medicine could ever cure my mind. My woman was dead. I'd brought her up to hunt deer and three crazy foxes had chewed her to death, and it was nobody else's fault that she was dead. I've never gotten over it; I don't suppose I ever will. She was a lot of woman, my would-be bride. ■

GIRL PIRATES

(Continued from page 43)

A jet-haired Chinese girl sailed out from the junk's after cabin, waving at the *Vixen*. Commander McDowall beamed.

"If that girl's a pirate," he said prophetically, "I hope she cuts my throat . . ."

RIVER piracy wasn't new to the Yangtze, its tributaries, and the Yellow Sea that February, 1938. Occasionally, a small coastal steamer *would* be attacked by a junk manned by Celebese, Korean, Malay cutthroats, but these attacks were becoming increasingly rare as the British and American Squadrons took up militant stands in the face of Japanese aggressions.

Duty in the China Service was, by and large, a dull affair. Shore leave was restricted to brothels and saloons and fights, and back again. The women were Chinese, Eurasians, Javanese, mulattoes from the Malay Peninsula. Only during the summer monsoon, when the tourist ships brought white women to the Orient, was there anything different about the Yangtze Patrol. A shilling, a dollar had little meaning—except as a medium of exchange for a woman.

The arrival of *HMS Vixen* on the scene, evoked some good-natured belly laughs from the International Settlement. For, loosely described, Commander Archie McDowall's assignment to the Yangtze Patrol was pretty much a case of walking softly and carrying a big stick. *Vixen* was armed to the teeth. Her *raizon d'etre*: to keep a militant eye out for river pirates. And girl river pirates, at that!

As ludicrous as it seemed, a Chinese girl gang had sailed downstream one lazy Sunday afternoon in a gun-laded junk. The Shanghai sector was, at the time, patrolled by a prototype American PT, a 110 foot wooden hulled job with twin .50 blisters scattered about between Mark 8 torpedo tubes.

Steering a middle-of-target course, the gorgeous gungirls aimed their bamboo sailed junk dead center of the American vessel. Their disarming manner (cavorting on deck in the near nude) completely enchanted those few gobs sitting on deck, watching the curious vessel draw nearer. And the almond eyed China dolls progressively nuder. It didn't take a brain to figure out what the junk was peddling, and the happy swabbies, raced around to the lee side with lines.

Suddenly at fifty yards the junk opened up. The nudes disappeared. False hatch coverings shoved out, revealing heavy caliber machine guns by the score. A small army of well trained, ordnance savvy women poured forth murderous raking fire along the length of the hapless PT. The few sailors, chiefs and officers aboard made a gallant but futile stab at saving themselves. They didn't have a chance, actually. Within minutes, all guns firing as the junk raced around the bloodied PT, the wooden hulled American warship burst into flame.

But the Chinese gungirls didn't shear off and run, a moral victory and a unique one under their belts. They put a prize crew aboard, plundering whatever was salvageable before an after magazine ignited and blew the tissue thin hull into a million flaming pieces. According to the sole survivor, a torpedoman striker, the leader of the Chinese gungang looked like something out of Terry and the Pirates—multiplied by fifty to the good and sexy.

THE story fascinated every newspaperman in the Orient. Needless to say, it caused considerable embarrassment in US and British naval precincts. Chances were, they'd patrol till kingdome come, but the sexy gungirls would unquestionably prove a spectacular and freakish one-shot, never to be seen on the turgid Yangtze again. Commander Archie McDowall felt like a class A idiot as he leaned against the flying bridge of his motor torpedo boat. He'd fought the assignment; he'd

faced up to a sour Vice Admiral and said the whole damned thing was a bunch of nonsense. Privately the Admiral agreed and commended him for the ability to speak his mind, but in the final analysis McDowall drew Yangtze Patrol.

River pirates, indeed! McDowall snarled, staring at the onrushing junk. In a way, he rather wished that childish nonsense were suddenly true—what a bloody fine way to break the monotony! The Chinese sailing vessel was less than 300 yards away when dashing young Commander Mac rushed below for a fresh shirt, a hair comb and a slug of whiskey in his coffee. As an officer and gentleman of His Majesty's Navy, it was only right that he be rigged out spanking clean and full of *elan* for the succulent young daughters of the Republic.

"Take a line down there!" Connerghty was shouting when the *Vixen's* commanding officer next emerged on deck. McDowall glanced at his watch. It was more than two hours before the Vice and his bloody cruiser was due down the river on the inspection tour. McDowall stared hard at the bevy of high-breasted Orientals waving sensuously on a hatch top.

"Goddammit!" he bellowed at a slow seaman. "Didn't you hear Connerghty! Take a line down there—make it quick!"

ABOARD the junk, a tall, sloe-eyed Eurasian named Sou Lee snapped off a succession of orders that were shortly to catapult her to unparalleled fame on the Yangtze. *Love 'em, then leave 'em—dead!* There were thirty-two Chinese girls tucked down under the junk's main hatch, now covering the gunboat with machine guns and rifles.

Sou Lee had big plans today. A girl with a forty knot gun boat could get richer than one with an eight-knot junk. Dressed only in a crimson sarong, beneath which was a Government issue .45, the girl pirate leader dabbed a smear of fresh lipstick on her face and another on her full, high breasts.

The girl pirate leader went out on deck, whispering to her first cousin, Mai Wong, "If anything goes wrong—ram the swine! We'll do the rest . . ."

The thirty-two ladies of violence remained concealed as Sou Lee sauntered forward with a dozen other waving, raving beauties, and the ancient junk closed in on the imposing British man o'war.

"I speak English!" Sou Lee shouted. "You want girls to come aboard, please?"

She raised her long, bare arms entreatingly. Somewhere below came the sound of music, a scratchy phonograph, and the seraphs of pleasure whirled around invitingly. Sou Lee saw the good-looking young commanding officer running down from the bridge. She giggled, calling to her girls, "The big fool with all the gold braid is mine. No mistakes, now—*laugh, laugh for the fools . . . !*"

THE Chinese junk scraped a trace of dirty gray along the *Vixen's* waterline, but Commander McDowall didn't mind. He stood behind the torpedo tubes, counting the girls with a long, trembling finger. His eyes finally focused on the girl in the red sarong. He bowed as his men took the junk's forward line.

"Anything you girls want!" a hairy-chested Gunner bellowed. "Just name it! We've got shillings, plenty of shillings—"

Eleven giggling, semi-nude harlots scrambled aboard the British MTB. But Sou Lee went last, walking slowly and smiling at McDowall, who waited for her at the makeshift gangway. She felt his arms and sighed and pushed him toward the cabin.

"Sir, Captain." Sou Lee blinked her eyes in awe. "You are kinder than the American sailor captains. We can never come aboard American ship—"

"Oh, well," McDowall shrugged, unbuttoning his white shirt, "they're new around here—full of illusions."

THE Chinese girl smiled vaguely as she slipped into the Captain's cabin ahead of the man. Aft, in the crew's quarters, the ten pleasure girls arranged themselves so that all could, in time, share the joy. Bottles of rum and whiskey came out from secret bins in a rush. Fifteen minutes later, peals of raucous laughter wafted over the muddy Yangtze and the families on the junks began to wonder what was happening to British discipline.

Sou Lee stretched herself on the captain's bunk and watched through somnolent lids as the young man undressed. Her right hand snaked into the red sarong and the .45 emerged silently. The captain was trying to uncork a bottle of whiskey. He was sweating fiercely, and angry because the cork refused to budge.

Archie McDowall turned and his mouth fell open as he stared first at her magnificence. He'd never seen such graceful legs or arms or breasts. As he lunged for the girl, the .45 poked up in his face and he jerked upright, stammering.

"I say!" the captain of the *Vixen* flustered.

"No." The Chinese doll corrected him with a wave of the gun. "*I* say! Please to turn around and face the wall, Commander McDowall!"

McDOWALL, blushing the color of the girl's sarong, turned compliantly. He was staring at the bulkhead when the gun came down

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against his sunburned skull and the world exploded in a million racing lights. He hit the steel deck with a resounding thud and turned over on his back, blinking senselessly at the finest figure that ever commanded a Royal Navy warship.

Sou Lee stepped outside the cabin and waved the captain's shorts at her junk. Four girls with sub-machine guns streaked over the hatch covering and silently leaped aboard. "Tie him! Don't kill him," Sou Lee ordered as she moved aft. "I want that one for my private pleasure."

A moment later, the girl pirate waved again and the main band of her Yangtze marauders also swarmed aboard. Leading Signalman Connerghty was in the process of pulling a girl onto the signal bag when a strong female hand buried a yard-long saber in the center of his spine. He never knew what hit him, either.

Below decks, the party was going strong. The girls and sailors were having a ball in the crew's quarters. The compartment door was suddenly thrown open and in rushed Sou Lee, .45 in hand, storming in advance of her band.

HMS *VIXEN* was overwhelmed in the neat time of twenty-two minutes. With all of her crew trussed and out of the way, the girl pirate leader promptly put into execution phase two of the sacking of a British warship. She stripped the ship clean of personnel in the most ruthless display of fiendishness since the Genghis Khan. The crew of *Vixen,* exclusive of her captain, was systematically murdered.

The bloody, dying bodies of thirty-one sailors were stretched out nude on the hatch covering of the Chinese junk. An Eurasian, the chief executioner whose left breast had been chopped off by a drunken British sailor several years before, had the signal honor of setting the junk afire amidstream of the Yangtze.

A pall of thick black smoke rolled up-river as the tide swung around. On the shore people stared curiously, for a fire, after all, was a fire. They were curious because none of the crew seemed to be leaping overboard. And they were doubly intrigued because the sleek British motor torpedo boat suddenly up-anchored and raced downstream toward the sea.

The elongated blast of a ship's whistle was the first conscious sound that Commander Archie McDowall heard. Painfully, he climbed off his bunk and staggered to the door. McDowall shoved his face into the porthole and saw the looming hull of the USS *Mindinao.* It was a matter of naval courtesy for one naval vessel to salute another. The *Mindinao* blasted again. Still, *Vixen* was silent.

COMMANDER McDOWALL backed against the far bulkhead and charged the compartment door. The agony of the crash was blunted by the frenzy and desperation with which he picked himself up off the deck, screaming, waving his arms at the Americans. The *Mindinao* was now passing astern, a handful of seamen standing on her fantail watching the Britisher and no doubt wondering *why* the breach of etiquette. They saw him waving, but the sound of the two vessels blunted his screams. Finally they waved back.

"Stop! In God's name—stop!" the Britisher screamed.

Sou Lee whirled around in her wheelhouse, her eyes blazing. She lashed an order to a stocky Cantonese who rushed out on deck brandishing a pistol. The *Mindinao* heard *that.*

Abruptly, they saw the figure of a nude man running toward the fantail of the patrol boat, and then a half dozen *girls* running after him. The gunboat put about as McDowall, ducking bullets, leaped into the Yangtze. Then, at top speed, the forty-knot Britisher rushed downstream. McDowall was pulled aboard where he told his story to an incredulous lieutenant commander. Messages crackled downstream for the Asiatic Squadron to intercept. Commander McDowall wasn't around for the finish, however.

SITTING in the wardroom of the American gunboat, he left a brief farewell note to his own commanding officer, another to a girl back in Singapore. Unobserved, he jumped overboard and was last seen swimming lazily toward the beach. If he made it nobody really knows, but the *Vixen* surely didn't get away.

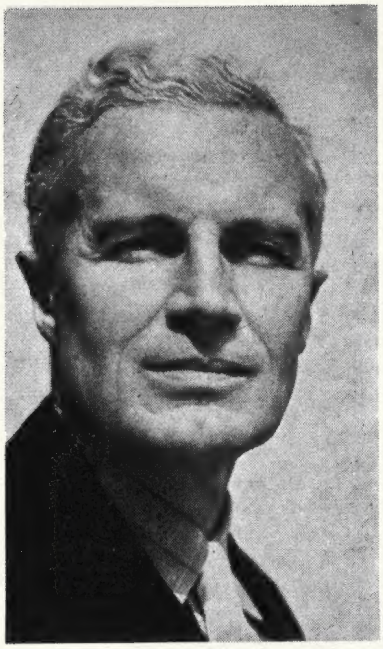
At kowlong Inlet, two American and Britich PC's caught the pirate warship in the sights of their four-inch deck guns. Closing from both sides of the river, all guns firing, they demolished the bridge and wheelhouse so that the splinterboat burst into flames and steered erratically. Closing fast, the units of both navies riddled the gunboat from stem to stern—themselves taking a few poorly aimed salvos from the machine guns . . .

On February 21, 1938, a British courts martial board condemned to death twenty-eight survivors of the last pirate band to ravage the Yangtze. In keeping with military tradition, the twenty-eight women were hanged. Sou Lee was not among them. Like the non-regulation British commander, Archie McDowall, she disappeared in the Yangtze and was never seen again. According to legend which is still heard by sailors of the Asiatic Squadrons of both nations, Sou Lee and Archie McDowall set up a brothel in Macao under a corporate name. The men who tell this story do so without cracking a smile. Anything can happen on the Yangtze, they say knowledgeably.

Could be, they're right. ■

I'd like to give this to my fellow men...

while I am still able to help!



I was young once, as you may be—today I am older. Not too old to enjoy the fruits of my work, but older in the sense of being wiser. And once I was poor, desperately poor. Today almost any man can stretch his income to make ends meet. Today, there are few who hunger for bread and shelter. But in my youth I knew the pinch of poverty; the emptiness of hunger; the cold stare of the creditor who would not take excuses for money. Today, all that is past. And behind my city house, my summer home, my Cadillacs, my Winter-long vacations and my sense of independence—behind all the wealth of cash and deep inner satisfaction that I enjoy—there is one simple secret. It is this secret that I would like to impart to you. If you are satisfied with a humdrum life of service to another master, turn this page now—read no more. If you are interested in a fuller life, free from bosses, free from worries, free from fears, read further. This message may be meant for you.

By Victor B. Mason

I am printing my message in a magazine. It may come to the attention of thousands of eyes. But of all those thousands, only a few will have the vision to understand. Many may read; but of a thousand only you may have the intuition, the sensitivity, to understand that what I am writing may be intended for you—may be the tide that shapes your destiny, which, taken at the crest, carries you to levels of independence beyond the dreams of avarice.

Don't misunderstand me. There is no mysticism in this. I am not speaking of occult things; of innumerable laws of nature that will sweep you to success without effort on your part. That sort of talk is *rubbish!* And anyone who tries to tell you that you can *think* your way to riches without effort is a false friend. I am too much of a realist for that. And I hope you are.

I hope you are the kind of man—if you have read this far—who knows that anything worthwhile has to be *earned!* I hope you have learned that there is no reward without effort. If you have learned this, then you may be ready to take the next step in the development of your karma—you may be ready to learn and use the secret I have to impart.

I Have All The Money I Need

In my own life I have gone beyond the need of money. I have it. I have gone beyond the need of gain. I have two businesses that pay me an income well above any amount I have need for. And, in addition, I have the satisfaction—the deep satisfaction—of knowing that I have put more than three hundred other men in businesses of their own. Since I have no need for money, the greatest satisfaction I get from life, is sharing my secret of personal independence with others—seeing them achieve the same heights of happiness that have come into my own life.

Please don't misunderstand this statement. I am not a philanthropist. I believe that charity is something that no proud man will accept. I have never seen a man who was worth his salt who would accept something for nothing. I have never met a highly successful man whom the world respected who did not sacrifice something to gain his position. And, unless you are willing to make at least half the effort, I'm not interested in giving you a "leg up" to the achievement of your goal. Frankly, I'm going to charge you something for the secret I give you. Not a lot—but enough to make me believe that you are a little above the fellows who merely "wish" for success and are not willing to sacrifice something to get it.

A Fascinating and Peculiar Business

I have a business that is peculiar—one of my businesses. The unusual thing about it is that it is needed in every little community throughout this country. But it is a business that will never be invaded by the "big fellows". It has to be handled on a local basis. No giant octopus can ever gobble up the whole thing. No big combine is ever going to destroy it. It is essentially a "one man" business that can be operated without outside help. It is a business that is good summer and winter. It is a business that is growing each year. And, it is a business that can be started on an investment so small that it is within the reach of anyone who has a television set. But it has nothing to do with television.

This business has another peculiarity. It can be started at home in spare time. No risk to present job. No risk to present income. And no need to let anyone else know you are "on your own". It can be run as a spare time business for extra money. Or, as it grows to the point where it is paying more than your present salary, it can be expanded into a full time business—overnight. It can give you a sense of personal independence that will free you forever from the fear of lay-off, loss of job, depressions, or economic reverses.

Are You Mechanically Inclined?

While the operation of this business is partly automatic, it won't run itself. If you are to use it as a stepping stone to independence, you must be able to work with your hands, use such tools as hammer and screw driver, and enjoy getting into a pair of blue jeans and rolling up your sleeves. But two hours a day of manual work will keep your "factory" running 24 hours turning out a product that has a steady and ready sale in every community. A half dollar spent for raw materials can bring you six dollars in cash—six times a day.

In this message I'm not going to try to tell you the entire story. There is not enough space on this page. And, I am not going to ask you to spend a penny now to learn the secret. I'll send you all the information, free. If you are interested in becoming independent, in becoming your own boss, in knowing the sweet fruits of success as I know them, send me your name. That's all. Just your name. I won't ask you for a penny. I'll send you all the information about one of the most fascinating businesses you can imagine. With these facts, you will make your own investigation. You will check up on conditions in your neighborhood. You will weigh and analyze the whole proposition. Then, and then only, if you decide to take the next step, I'll allow you to invest $15.00. And even then, if you decide that your fifteen dollars has been badly invested I'll return it to you. Don't hesitate to send your name. I have no salesmen. I will merely write you a long letter and send you complete facts about the business I have found to be so successful. After that, you make the decisions.

Does Happiness Hang on Your Decision?

Don't put this off. It may be a coincidence that you are reading these words right now. Or, it may be a matter that is more deeply connected with your destiny than either of us can say. There is only one thing certain: If you have read this far you are interested in the kind of independence I enjoy. And if that is true, then you must take the next step. No coupon on this advertisement. If you don't think enough of your future happiness and prosperity to write your name on a postcard and mail it to me, forget the whole thing. But if you think there is a destiny that shapes men's lives, send your name now. What I send you may convince you of the truth of this proverb. And what I send you will not cost a penny, now or at any other time.

VICTOR B. MASON
1512 Jarvis Ave., Suite M-38-A
CHICAGO 26, ILLINOIS

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Without cost or obligation, send me "HOW to SUCCEED" and the opportunity booklet about the field BEFORE which I have marked X (plus sample lesson):

ARCHITECTURE and BUILDING CONSTRUCTION
- ☐ Air Conditioning
- ☐ Architecture
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- ☐ Building Contractor
- ☐ Building Estimator
- ☐ Carpentry and Millwork
- ☐ Carpenter Foreman
- ☐ Heating
- ☐ Interior Decoration
- ☐ Painting Contractor
- ☐ Plumbing
- ☐ Reading Arch. Blueprints

ART
- ☐ Commercial Art
- ☐ Magazine & Book Illus.
- ☐ Show Card and Sign Lettering
- ☐ Sketching and Painting

AUTOMOTIVE
- ☐ Automobiles
- ☐ Auto Body Rebuilding and Refinishing
- ☐ Auto Engine Tuneup
- ☐ Auto Technician

AVIATION
- ☐ Aero-Engineering Technology
- ☐ Aircraft & Engine Mechanic

BUSINESS
- ☐ Accounting
- ☐ Advertising
- ☐ Business Administration
- ☐ Business Management
- ☐ Cost Accounting
- ☐ Creative Salesmanship
- ☐ Managing a Small Business
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- ☐ Public Accounting
- ☐ Purchasing Agent
- ☐ Salesmanship
- ☐ Salesmanship and Management
- ☐ Traffic Management

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- ☐ Analytical Chemistry
- ☐ Chemical Engineering
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- ☐ Natural Gas Prod. and Trans.
- ☐ Petroleum Prod. and Engr.
- ☐ Professional Engineer (Chem)
- ☐ Pulp and Paper Making

CIVIL ENGINEERING
- ☐ Civil Engineering
- ☐ Construction Engineering
- ☐ Highway Engineering
- ☐ Professional Engineer (Civil)
- ☐ Reading Struc. Blueprints
- ☐ Structural Engineering
- ☐ Surveying and Mapping

DRAFTING
- ☐ Aircraft Drafting
- ☐ Architectural Drafting
- ☐ Drafting Machine Design
- ☐ Electrical Drafting
- ☐ Mechanical Drafting
- ☐ Sheet Metal Drafting
- ☐ Structural Drafting

ELECTRICAL
- ☐ Electrical Engineering
- ☐ Elec. Engr. Technician
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- ☐ Industrial Engineering
- ☐ Industrial Instrumentation
- ☐ Industrial Metallurgy
- ☐ Industrial Safety
- ☐ Machine Design
- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
- ☐ Mechanical Engineering
- ☐ Professional Engineer (Mech)
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- ☐ General Electronics Tech.
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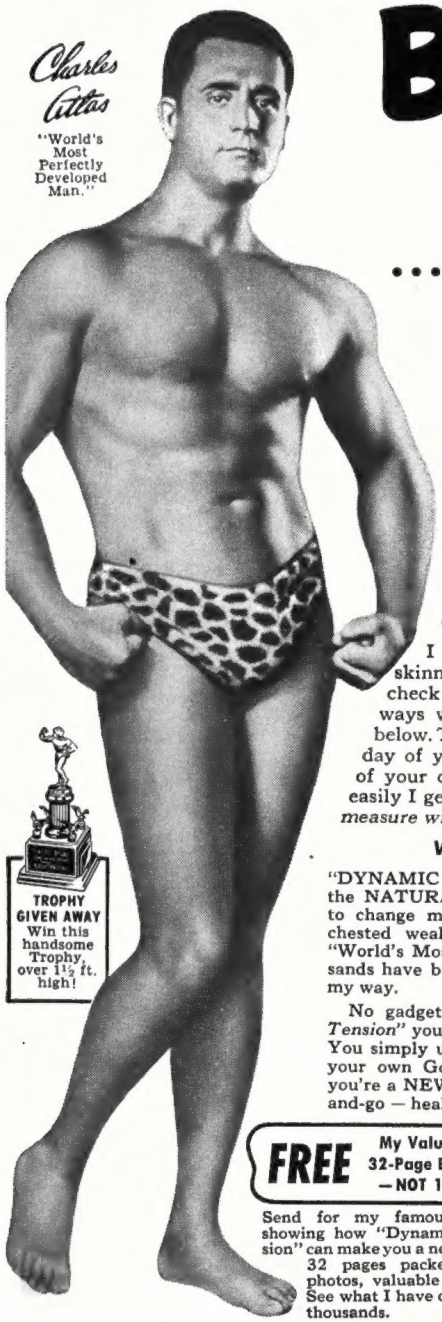

Charles Atlas
"World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

CHECK THE COUPON BELOW

...and SEE How EASILY You Can Have It!

WHAT kind of body do YOU want? One with the kind of power-packed shoulders that make girls go "Ga-Ga" on the beach? Or sledge-hammer biceps that will make the toughest bully respect you! Or strong-as-steel stomach muscles; a slim waist? Just tell me WHERE you want it—and I'll add SOLID INCHES of muscle, FAST!

Yes, I'll quickly show you how to have the kind of body men respect and women admire.

ONLY 15 MINUTES A DAY

I don't care if you're young or old skinny or fat, tall or short. Just check the "dream build" you've always wanted—right in the coupon below. Then just give me 15 minutes a day of your spare time—in the privacy of your own room. Prove to yourself how easily I get results that you can *see, feel, and measure with a tape!*

TROPHY GIVEN AWAY Win this handsome Trophy, over 1½ ft. high!

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

"DYNAMIC TENSION"—*that's my secret!* It's the NATURAL method that I myself developed to change my body from the miserable skinny-chested weakling I was at 17 to my present "World's Most Perfectly Developed" body. Thousands have become marvelous physical specimens my way.

No gadgets, no contraptions. With *"Dynamic Tension"* you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply use the DORMANT muscle-power in your own God-given body. Before you know it, you're a NEW MAN — full of red-blooded get-up-and-go — healthy and handsome!

Why Be Half a Man?

. . . when it's so easy to become a real HE-MAN my *natural* way. Most fellows spend all of their lives feeling only HALF ALIVE. But you don't have to put up with that. Give yourself honest answers to these important questions. ARE YOU:

- **Skinny and Run Down?**
- **Overweight and Short of Breath?**
- **Always Tired?**
- **Nervous?**
- **Shy and Lacking in Confidence?**
- **Slow at Sports?**
- **Do You Want to Gain or Lose Weight?**
- **Are you ashamed of your HALF-MAN build?**

I tell you what you can do about these HALF-ALIVE symptoms in my valuable FREE Book. Pick the kind of body you want — right in the coupon below. Mail it to me personally and I'll rush you my free Book at once!

FREE My Valuable Illustrated 32-Page Book. NOT $1.00 — NOT 10¢ — but FREE!

Send for my famous book showing how "Dynamic Tension" can make you a new man. 32 pages packed with photos, valuable advice. See what I have done for thousands.

This book is a real prize. It may mean the turning point in your life! Rush coupon to me personally: **CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 338-A, 115 E. 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.**

Here's One of My Prize Students

Meet Hector Romero, a recent winner of one of my Atlas Trophies for the most improvement in just 3 months.

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"Have put 3½" on chest (normal), 2½" expanded." —F. S., N. Y.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 338-A,
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Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want:

(Check as many as you like)

- ☐ More Weight — Solid in The Right Places
- ☐ Broader Chest and Shoulders
- ☐ More Powerful Arms and Grip
- ☐ Slimmer Waist and Hips
- ☐ More Powerful Leg Muscles
- ☐ Better Sleep, More Energy

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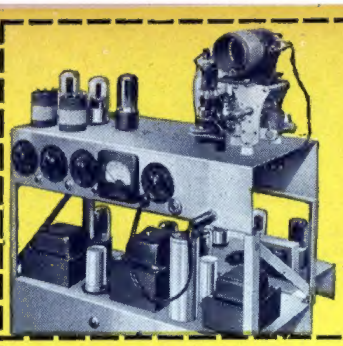
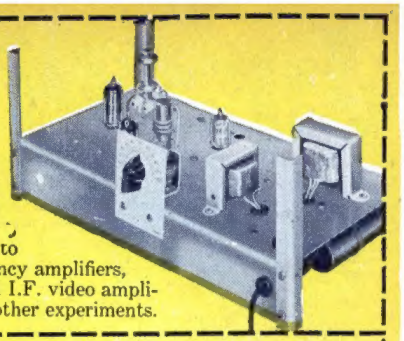


YOU BUILD Broadcasting Transmitter

As part of N.R.I. Communications Course you build this low power Transmitter; use it to learn methods required of commercial broadcasting operators, train for FCC license.

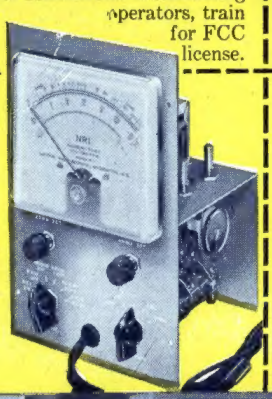
YOU BUILD Signal Generator



N.R.I. sends kits of parts to build this Signal Generator. You get practical experience, conduct tests to compensate Radio frequency amplifiers, practice aligning a typical I.F. video amplifier in TV circuit, many other experiments.

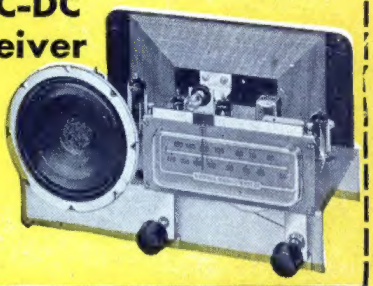
YOU BUILD Vacuum Tube Voltmeter

Use it to get practical experience, earn extra cash fixing neighbors' sets in spare time, gain knowledge to help you work in Radio, Television, Color TV. With N.R.I. training you work on circuits common to both Radio and TV. Equipment you build "brings to life" things you learn in N.R.I.'s easy-to-understand lessons. 64 page Catalog FREE, shows all equipment you get.



YOU BUILD AC-DC Superhet Receiver

N.R.I. servicing training supplies all parts, everything is yours to keep. Nothing takes the place of practical experience. You get actual servicing experience by practicing with this modern receiver; you learn-by-doing.



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by Practicing at Home

WHAT GRADUATES DO AND SAY

Chief Engineer

"I am Chief Engineer of Station KGCU in Mandan, N. D. I also have my own spare time business servicing high frequency two-way communications systems." R. BARNETT, Bismarck, North Dakota.

Paid for Instruments

"I am doing very well in spare time TV and Radio. Sometimes have three TV jobs waiting and also fix car Radios for garages. I paid for instruments out of earnings." G. F. SEAMAN, New York, N. Y.

Has Own TV Business

"We have an appliance store with our Radio and TV servicing, and get TV repairs. During my Army service, NRI training helped get me a top rated job." W. M. WEIDNER, Fairfax, South Dakota.

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